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# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME XLIII }

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## VOX INFIRMITATIS.

Not for our soon-forgotten day,  
 Not that our looks are slow and  
 blind,  
 That Thou hast set the mountain way  
 For lame and stumbling feet to find,  
 In hands too small hast lain the  
 sword—  
 Not for our weakness spare us, Lord.

But for our single day of might,  
 When, long remote, the tempests  
 blow,  
 The hidden altar flames to sight,  
 And high the immortal beacons show,  
 When these great hours shall lie forgot,  
 Have mercy, Lord, and spare us not.

Have mercy, when the glassy tide  
 Stirs not the stiller haven's sleep;  
 Our coward prayers be then denied,  
 The harbor with Thy surges sweep,  
 And hail into the clamorous seas  
 The ships that shelter there at ease.

Now in mine hour of strength I cry  
 The unfettered soul's discerning  
 prayer;  
 Though pain and fear his company,  
 The living burden grant me bear.  
 When weakness shall the words unsay,  
 O Thou that hearest, turn away.

O Giver of the burning dream  
 To things of clay that fall in dust,  
 Since for no merit fell the gleam,  
 Neither for strength we hold the  
 trust,  
 Not for unworthiness deny  
 The armor and the battle-cry.

*Lucy Lyttelton.*

*The Nation.*

## BUGLE AND BATTLE-CRY.

Bugle and battle-cry are still,  
 The long strife's over.  
 Low o'er the corpse-encumbered hill  
 The sad stars hover.

It is in vain, O stars! ye look  
 On these forsaken:  
 Awhile with blows on blows they  
 shook  
 Or struck unshaken.

Needs now no pity of God or man—  
 Tears for the living!  
 They have 'scaped the confines of life's  
 plan  
 That holds us grieving.

The unperturbed soft moon, the stars,  
 The breeze that lingers,  
 Wake not to ineffectual wars  
 Their hearts and fingers.

Warriors o'ercoming and o'ercome,  
 Alike contented,  
 Have marched now to the last far drum  
 Praised, unlamented.

Bugle and battle-cry are still,  
 The long strife's over.  
 O that with them I had fought my fill  
 And found like cover!

*John Freeman.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## WHAT OF THE DARKNESS.

What of the darkness? Is it very fair?  
 Are there great calms, and find ye si-  
 lence there?

Like soft-shut lilies all your faces glow  
 With some strange peace our faces  
 never know,

With some great faith our faces never  
 dare.

Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find  
 it there?

Is it a Bosom where tired heads may  
 lie?

Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?

Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?

Is it a voice that holds the runes of  
 sleep?

Day shows us not such comfort any-  
 where.

Dwells it in Darkness? Do ye find it  
 there?

Out of the Day's deceiving light we  
 call,

Day that shows man so great and God  
 so small,

That hides the stars and magnifies the  
 grass;

Oh, is the darkness too a lying glass,

Or, undistracted, do ye find truth there?

What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?

*Richard le Gallienne.*

## POETRY AND THE STAGE.

A rough estimate of critical opinion would, I think, show that Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. W. B. Yeats had been recognized as the two most considerable poets of this generation—though doubtless the coupling of their names would shock many enthusiastic partisans of the one or the other. Now, for the last seven or eight years these two poets have been writing plays and hardly anything but plays; and there is nothing in modern literature more significant than this attempt of poetry to reassert itself on the boards. Of course, other poets wrote plays, and Tennyson's were even acted, but no one supposes that Tennyson would have been acted had he not been Tennyson. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats go at the business in a different spirit, they write deliberately to be acted—Mr. Phillips, who has been an actor, working to the commission of influential managers and more or less inspired by these oracles; Mr. Yeats virtually managing a theatre of his own. The aims and methods of the two men, the conditions under which they have worked, are so infinitely different that it would be superfluous and absurd to institute a comparison. But fortunately within the last couple of years an experiment of kindred nature has been made—that of staging Mr. Gilbert Murray's versions of Euripides; and this appears to afford a sort of *tertium quid*, a mean between the two opposites in reference to which they can profitably be discussed. Profitably—for, after all, it is not worth while attempting to lay down opinions as to whether Mr. Phillips or Mr. Yeats is the better dramatic poet; but it is very important, from an artistic point of view, to decide whether poetry is or is not reconcilable with the conditions of a modern stage performance.

I can speak only of what I have seen myself, and here are my data. Four plays by Mr. Phillips, three of them produced under the special conditions which govern presentation at Mr. Tree's enormous theatre, and a fifth written in collaboration with Mr. Comyns Carr; three plays by Mr. Yeats, produced under his own direction on a small stage in Dublin; and a fourth, produced by Mrs. Campbell in London; lastly the *Electra* and the *Bacchæ*, produced at the Court. Observation of these instances leads me to believe that poetic drama can be produced under appropriate conditions without loss, as an artistic enterprise, not as a commercial venture; and my chief reason for believing this is that lavish outlay seems positively hurtful to the true object. The cheaper the production, in one sense, the better it is likely to be. There must be a lavish expenditure of intelligence, industry, and a host of kindred qualities, but these can be secured without paying very high. Mr. Yeats got them for nothing at first. But in London, where people are so numerous and money is so plentiful, there is no reason why the whole thing should be as it has been in Ireland, a labor of love. I believe that there exists a potential audience large enough to pay wages to the artists in such productions; and it seems as if Mr. Granville Barker in his tenure of the Court Theatre had gone far on the way to creating such an audience. But success is only possible if the aim be clearly realized, which should be, in my opinion, to produce dramatic poetry more or less as classical music is produced at present. An audience educated to know what it wants is hardly less indispensable than a company educated to give the thing that is wanted.

It may seem trivial to urge as a point

of artistic importance what many people consider a mere matter of convenience. And yet it is pretty well understood, among the public which takes music seriously, that people must not be interrupted while they are listening to a serious piece of music. The fact that a member of the audience has paid for a seat does not authorize him to reach that seat across all obstacles in the middle of a concerted movement. Yet at the theatre every one considers himself at liberty to trample past his neighbors at any stage of the performance; and the neighbors meekly if not ungrudgingly submit. This is a discomfort while one is listening to prose comedy, and quite sufficiently annoying; but the theatre-going public has evidently not realized that the case is different when one is listening to verse. Verse is an artifice of words designed to generate in the hearer a physical condition—or mental state, if any one prefers to put it that way—similar to that induced by the rhythm of music. The very object of verse is to enable one man to say, and others to receive, things which could not be said in prose—which, said in prose, would become different. All this will seem a string of truisms to some readers and of absurdities to others; but the latter class have no more business at the production of a play in verse than has the man lacking in ear at an Albert Hall concert. If they want to come, let them; but they should not come late, for the artificially engendered frame of mind is dashed to bits by the intrusion of an undesired body shoving betwixt spectator and stage. To interrupt a scene of real poetry is to break it, and leave the artistic impression flawed like a cracked vase; and in educated audiences Phillistinism of this kind would not be tolerated.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> I was glad to notice at the *Bacchæ* that late arrivals were few and sharply resented. At Mrs. Campbell's *matinée* this was unhappily not the case, and the beautiful opening of *Deirdre* suffered cruelly in consequence.

Things being as they unfortunately are, the effect of interruptions affords a kind of practical criterion. I might not have known how completely I was absorbed, how remote from my physical surroundings, had it not been for the advent of two or three gentlemen who resumed their places some time after the curtain had risen for the second time on *Electra*. My resentment appeared to me excessive at the moment, till I realized that it was in proportion to the completeness of what was shattered; for the hosts who defiled over my toes during the opening scene of *Nero* had moved me to no such wrath. Mr. Phillips, indeed, in his earlier plays, demanded continuous attention, and Mr. Alexander (to his honor) endeavored to prohibit people from entering the house during the playing of a scene just as if he had been producing classical music. But experience teaches. Mr. Phillips has learnt his lesson, and presumably, for the first five minutes *Nero* was not meant to be heard. Heard it certainly was not, except in a vague, general way, and the actors evidently acquiesced, since Mr. Fisher White, as Seneca, became completely audible when he had something to say that seemed to him of sufficient importance—the speech which gives the keynote of the play—"Suppose the æsthete grown omnipotent," and the rest. In *Faust*, which is frankly spectacular, the verse was only intermittently audible, and some of the best passages, heard among violent changings of stage effects, were naturally, and in a sense properly, written in a large splashy manner, akin to the scene painters' art. Once or twice, perhaps, the poet dominated the stage, made one forget the spectacle—once, certainly, in the passage where Mephistopheles explains to Faust what hell is going to mean for the soul damned to an eternity of "dreadful errands."

But, for my part, I cannot listen to

poetry as I would to a debate in the House of Commons, pricking up my ears when the matter or the manner grows interesting. I must be under the spell of verse continuously, prepared insensibly to respond to emotions which would hardly reach me except when wrought upon by the elaborate artifice of rhythm and phrasing; and so, broadly speaking, at *Nero* and at *Faust*, I made no attempt to attend to the poetry as poetry. Here and there one heard a fine line drift unregarded over the footlights; but it gave me no pleasure; rather a painful sense that good work had been squandered on what might nearly as well be dumb show.

But at the *Electra* it was different. Really, the thing passes belief. This old play, though it was built about a legendary story by a poet so remote from us in time that he also seems to merge into the mist, though it bases its action on the sanctions of an obsolete religion, suddenly, in a new dress, leaps shining into life. It is like seeing a hedge of luxuriant growth grown from the parched peas that men find in Egyptian mummy cases. The oddest part of the contrast is, that reading over Mr. Murray's translation, I cannot conceive readily why it so moved me; reading over *Nero*, I wonder at its ineffectiveness on the stage. The one has, and must have, in spite of its extraordinary merit, something of a translation's tameness, for the translator is always a man in fetters trying to imitate the free movement of a master. The other has, in spite of its inequality, passages of great force and fire; there is no page but on it one recognizes the utterance of a poet. What is more, the modern drama was spoken better than the translation. Euripides did not owe much to any of the actors, except to Miss Wynne Matthison, who played *Electra* with something like genius. Miss Edyth Olive, indeed, as *Clytemnestra*, showed a fine sense of

rhythm in declaiming her verse. But with these two exceptions the play was enacted by a group of ladies and gentlemen whose training had been misdirected—for the purposes of poetic drama. One of the players achieved the feat of concealing from me, during an opening speech of some sixty lines, the fact that the play was in rhymed verse—indeed, he convinced me that I had been misinformed on the point. This would be a triumph for the professional elocutionist who holds that the art of speaking verse is to evade the rhythm. But people who value poetry—and these are the raw material out of which our potential audience has to be created—realize that rhyme is meant to be heard and rhythm to be felt, delicately yet continuously.

The pleasure, then, of hearing verse rightly spoken, which should have been constant during the performance at the Court, was intermittent, constant only when *Electra* herself was speaking. Intermittent also was the distinctively literary pleasure; for only now and then did Mr. Murray's translation rise to the freedom and elasticity of original verse. This is merely to say that Mr. Murray, although a translator of genius, is still a translator. The wonder is, not that the flashes should be intermittent, but that they should occur at all.

Perchance a cry  
Cast forth to the waste shining of the  
sky  
May find my father.

Who would believe that here was a translator's work? But when we read (or hear) such a verse as—

Not a thousand prayers can gain  
A man's bare bread save an he work  
again,

we know that Mr. Murray would not have written thus had he not been unconsciously drawn into the dialect spe-

cially consecrated to renderings from the classics.

How, then, is it that this play, the *Electra*, should affect me as no contemporary work has done, although it had no special superiority of acting to help it, and was handicapped by the inevitable baldnesses of a translation? The answer lies, I think, in its perfect adaptation of means to an end clearly conceived. Every line seemed to fall into its place, as closely fitted as stones in an arch, every word spoken was relevant to the main issue, and what read like platitudes in the book sounded on the stage like harmonious expressions of a fine courtesy. I cannot say quite so much for the *Bacchæ*, which, after all, is a masterpiece of literature rather than of drama, and which was not at all so happily produced. Yet in it I realized, more even than in the *Electra*, the extraordinary dramatic effect of an immensely long narrative speech. For at least five minutes the story of the slaying of Pentheus held a modern audience tense and breathless.

The choric passages, it is true, have lost their magic, and probably that magic could only be re-created under the original conditions of open-air performance by dancers and chanters trained through half a year of rehearsal. But Mrs. Campbell's performance of Hauptmanstall's *Electra*, taught in a negative way the artistic value of these lyrical interruptions. She produced a drama played continuously in one scene, and lasting about an hour and a half; not so long, probably, as Mr. Murray's *Electra*. Yet one listened easily for the full stretch to the Greek play. Hauptmanstall fatigued us. Even in the *Bacchæ* the choruses, which were ill-performed, fulfilled at least part of the purpose for which the great artist designed them.

It is a little absurd to be talking as if we had just discovered a new dramatist. But, speaking for myself, I never

discovered Euripides till I saw him acted, and I discovered then that he knew how to do precisely the thing which the poets of to-day are groping after—to set to music all the emotions of a well-defined situation presented on the boards. He is the true archetype and exemplar.

For the Elizabethan drama, as it had no forerunners, so it had no successors. It was a sporadic growth, a kind of portent. With that exception the whole European drama affiliates itself back to Greece. In prose comedy, England has been practically using the same models as France (in a very different spirit) since the Restoration; but in poetic drama, the example of Shakespeare was always potent to distract. Yet poets who followed the wild-fire essayed the business half-heartedly, foreknowing failure. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Yeats, who have come so much nearer to success and have aimed so much more rationally to achieve it, dismiss Shakespeare altogether from their minds. They return (knowingly or not) to the older fount; and that is why Euripides, even when produced in a translation, can afford a standard by which to judge the causes of their relative failure.

Failure and success, of course, have here a highly technical meaning. The Irish National Theatre earns enough money to pay for dresses, scenery, and lights—and hardly anything else. Mr. Yeats, as dramatic author, is probably innocent of royalties; and I question whether so many people altogether, taking all the audiences of all its performances, have seen *The King's Threshold* as were present on any night at *Nero* or at *Faust*. In the non-technical sense, these latter were so great a success for author, actors, and manager, that one feels free from all churlishness in pointing out their failure in matters where Mr. Yeats has been entirely successful. For the productions at the



Irish National Theatre have been just as satisfactory, from the scenic point of view, as that of *Electra* at the Court, and they have been achieved with lesser outlay—a matter of considerable importance. In the art of speaking verse, the company taught by Mr. F. J. Fay is beyond all comparison better than Mr. Granville Barker's. And, generally speaking, I would say that any one of Mr. Yeats' plays has been produced in Ireland under conditions as favorable as Mr. Murray's *Electra*, so far as intelligence can influence those conditions. But in the most essential condition of all they have never had more than half a chance. No play can be kept alive before empty benches.

The number of an audience does not matter. If the auditorium was a box with five people in it, I believe that there could be generated that queer contagion from one to the other, and from audience to actors, which makes up the atmosphere of the theatre. But words straying among scattered units through a bare house lack response—the shot never goes home; and for a variety of reasons this has been the fate of the plays produced at the Abbey Theatre in Dublin. For some the enterprise has been too national; for others, too little concerned with nationality; and thus it has fallen under some of the tabus which exist in Ireland. Nevertheless, the uphill fight which is being fought with such consistency would, I think, have ended in victory before this, were it not for the special limitations of Mr. Yeats's genius. Genius he has as surely as any man who has written in English; but it is a genius that frequents difficult ways, and is most at home in the unfamiliar. To realize this one has only to consider the themes of the three plays which I saw produced in his own theatre. By far the simplest is *On Baile's Strand*, which tells how Cuchulain was urged unknowingly yet against the inward

cry of his nature, to fight and slay his son; and the crisis of the drama shows Cuchulain learning by gradual discovery what he has done. The situation is straightforward enough, and Matthew Arnold, in his *Sohrab and Rustum*, has made of it one of his most popular idylls. Yet somehow Mr. Yeats fails here—misses the natural, convincing, transmissible emotion. Here is how he handles it.

He was my son and I have killed my son.

A pause is indicated. Then follows, not lament, but reproaches against the *sidhe*, the fairy people—

'Twas they that did it, the pale windy people,  
Where, where, where? My sword  
against the thunder—  
But no, for they have always been my friends;  
And though they love to blow a smoking coal  
Till it's all flame, the wars they blow  
afame  
Are full of glory and heart-uplifting pride,  
And not like this: the wars they love  
awaken  
Old fingers and the sleepy strings of harps.

I do not think Euripides would have been so solicitous in his avoidance of the obvious. I think he would have given vent to the emotion which arises naturally, and which is simple and human—as an old Irish poet did who makes Cuchulain cry out "Grief for my son I put from me never: it is in me and through my heart like flame in the withered reeds." Mr. Yeats prefers to follow the version of the story which makes Cuchulain rush out, eager to slay some one or something, till the Druids turn him by a delusion on to the waves of the sea, which he hacks, as Ajax the sheep. So action is given, and in theory action is more dramatic

than lament. Yet few things have ever seemed to me more dramatic, more moving on the stage, than the alternate moan of Orestes and Electra. Nothing that they say seems in itself surprising or remarkable; the words appear to flow naturally from the situation and, pale in print, take life and color from their proper surroundings. But a line like Mr. Yeats's

awaken

Old fingers and the sleepy strings of harps,

though exquisite on the page, appears an irrelevant and frigid beauty when spoken where it is set.

Mr. Yeats does not make these mistakes when dealing with the emotions that appeal naturally to him. *The King's Threshold* is in essence an assertion of sovereignty for spiritual over temporal, for the dreamer over the plotter, the poet over the king. This is not an idea easily rendered accessible to the multitude, and the fable itself could hardly have been handled by any man but Mr. Yeats. Shanahan, the bard, is denied his place at the King's table, and takes his revenge through the custom which once existed in Ireland (and still lives in the East) of "fasting on" the man who wrongs him. The drama tells simply how one inducement after another—bribes, cajolery, kindness, love itself—is tried to turn the poet from his purpose of dying where he sits on the King's threshold, and how all are tried in vain, till at last, before the dignity of his resolve, even Majesty is overawed, and the King cries to his courtiers:

Kneel down, kneel down, he hath the greater power.

The whole thing is beautifully ordered, and is indeed in a true sense dramatic; but I have never felt when it was played that it drew from an audi-

ence quite the response that drama needs. It is a kind of dramatic special pleading, justifying to an audience a poet's distinctive point of view—the claim for builders of words to be the rulers of mankind.

And Mr. Yeats's other play, *The Shadowy Waters*, labors even more under a similar disability. That play glorifies the quest of the unattainable: the drama reaches its climax when Delectra turns her back on earthly power and conquest, to follow Forgall in his galley that sails whither the birds of Angus point the way to a country that is beyond hope and outside of desire. I have never seen any play by Mr. Yeats staged which gave me so fully as this one the peculiar pleasure to be derived from his art. The scene and actors, all draped in two or three sombre colors, made pictures at every moment which blended with the dim beauty of the verse as naturally as brown ploughland with the motion of the plougher and his team. I speak now of its earlier performances; later, it was played here in London in a version to which Mr. Yeats had endeavored to give some of the more ordinary dramatic interest; it was played with free use of limelight and with a clever actress, used to the English stage, in the leading part; and the result was to destroy its original beauty and completeness.

Yet at its best the piece did not move, and could not move, any audience of ordinary human beings as Mr. Yeats's prose play, *Kathleen ni Houlihan*, stirs at least Irish listeners. That is the pith of it. Mr. Yeats is not sufficiently in touch with ordinary humanity, not sufficiently interested in normal emotions. He cannot strike the chord which is none the less noble in its resonance because it finds answer everywhere. And that is precisely what Euripides knew the art of doing. Take a single instance. In *Electra* he

wants to show a woman who for her life's length has lived with a hatred, has cherished it like a religion, and whose intensity of hate has given to her a more than natural power and dignity. The plan to slay Ægisthus has been contrived. He is abroad, in the fields, sacrificing. How, then to entrap Clytemnestra? On the instant a scheme is born. "Go," says Electra (the princess of Argos whom Clytemnestra and her paramour have married to a peasant), "go and tell her I have borne a son." "How will that bring her?" "She will come," Electra answers, "to pity me for my son's low station." Oh, profound heart! Does not that in a flash suggest at once the woman who conceives the plan and her against whom it is directed? I never heard anything in any theatre which so surprised me with its sudden revelation.

What remains with me from the plays produced in Dublin is the remembrance of beautiful verse beautifully spoken in answering voices, heightened by beauty of face and dignity of gesture; and, throughout every scene, of perfect respect shown to the idea. Never for one moment did the actors come between the audience and the poet; never was attention distracted from the essential business of the play. The production of *Deirdre* stands in a different category.

To begin with, *Deirdre* is far more general in its appeal. The jealous lover who kills his successful rival, the woman who kills herself to escape her lover's slayer—that is the most straightforward of themes; and there is a further element of simple poignant drama in the choice forced on Deirdre, when Naisi is captured alive by Conchubar, and the king offers to let him go free if Deirdre comes willingly to his royal house. In substance and in treatment it is the most dramatic of Mr. Yeats's plays; and it was played

by Mrs. Patrick Campbell. It was beautifully mounted, yet not overlaid with ornament; in Deirdre's part the verse was spoken as no living actress but Mrs. Campbell can speak verse. I have never heard anything more perfect than the speech which follows her rising from the chessboard; and again and again she enchanted the ear with magical effects of rhythm. Nor was that all. Mr. Yeats has not observed the Greek plays for nothing, and his musicians are a true chorus: an adaptation of the ancient idea, singularly skillful and effective. For the part of the first musician, second only in importance to Deirdre's, Miss Sara Allgood had been brought over from the Abbey Theatre, and in the charm of exquisite verse exquisitely spoken my memory cannot set anything beside the interchanges between her and Deirdre.

Yet, looking at the performance on the whole, I am not content. Something came between me and the poetry—and that was the personality of a great modern actress.

It was my good fortune, in days before Mrs. Tanqueray was born or thought of, to see the part of Rosalind played by Mrs. Patrick Campbell out of doors at Clifton. What I experienced then was a revelation, not of the actress, but of the play. The limpid running utterance, constant yet changeable, like broken water on a river, with gesture flowing on, in and out of it, in yet another continuous music, made me feel as I had never felt before all the loveliness of that woodland poetry. All the successes of Mrs. Campbell's career have taught her to unlearn that humility which then made her seem only the marvellous instrument breathed into by a long-dead poet. Modern art individualizes, deals in detailed portraiture; it is infinitely capable of comedy, gay or bitter; but the affair of dramatic poetry is with men and women seen in the broadest aspect.

Mrs. Campbell insisted upon playing Deirdre almost as she might play Magda; and she loses something of the tragic dignity. Nor was that all. There was no limelight; but such an actress can drag the eye where she chooses, and at one critical moment when attention should centre upon Naisi's first recognition of an evil omen, we were watching byplay between her and the singing girls.

It is a poor thing to be unthankful. All the close of the piece—Deirdre's final challenge to the king, and the irony that thrills through it, the accumulated ironies of her departing speech, and then the antiphon of the chorus, so brief, so superbly lyrical—all that is poetry inspired by the Greek stage, and not unworthy of it; and it was rendered as such poetry should be. Yet Aristotle's saying is true, that beauty demands a certain magnitude. *Deirdre* is shorter than the theme demands; one feels the want of space for the conflict to develop in. Broadly speaking, if *Deirdre* did not content me, the essential fault lay not with the actors; if the *King's Threshold*, *Baile's Strand*, and the *Shadowy Waters* did not come up to what I hoped, it was not only for the lack of a crowded and responsive audience. In London and in Dublin Mr. Yeats had his chance, perhaps as good a chance as Euripides and Mr. Murray at the Court; and if his work failed, it failed as dramatic poetry.

Very different is the case with Mr. Phillips. In *Ulysses* poetry was part of a masque or pageant, yet in many places the poetry held its own. In *Nero*—I omit the consideration of *Faust*, which is the work of two hands, engaged on an adaptation—poetry was simply smothered. I defy any man to judge as literature the quality of what was spoken on that stage, or, for that matter, the quality of the acting. Such judgment requires concentrated atten-

tion, and during the performance, when there was not a continual coming and going on the stage, our eyes were kept busy watching changes on the back-cloth—meteors, storms coming up, and what not. Against the pageant, as a pageant, I say nothing. It was continuous, diverting, at times even beautiful and impressive. But the art of the poet and the art of the actor were both rendered subsidiary to the spectacle.

Migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnia ad incertos oculos et gaudia  
vana.

The phenomenon is not novel. It may be a part of "thinking imperially," since Horace noted precisely similar symptoms in the Rome of his day—and noted, also, that such conditions of presentment were fatal both to poetry and to drama. His observation is more than commonly worth studying. "Every attraction has shifted" (he says) "from the ear to the illusive eyesight, and to unsubstantial delights." That is the truth. What is solid, what is substantial in a play is the argument, the intellectual structure. The eye can be cheated, is cheated; but the ear leads straight to the realities of judgment. No appeal that is made through the eye can be so convincing—not even that which is made by the actor's look or gesture. These things are fleeting: the word is durable.

Consider in this light a central scene of *Nero*. Warned by his councillors, the Emperor has opposed his mother Agrippina's attempt to seat herself by him when he delivers response to the embassies from Parthia and from Britain. Incidentally, it may be observed that a poet with half Mr. Phillips's gift could have suggested by poetry something of what is meant by envoys to one Court from lands so diverse and so distant, but no such appeal to the imagination was made. There was not time for it. The eye

had to be fed with a rare-show—or archaeological demonstration, according as one inclined to take it. At all events, once this business of the envoys is dispatched, Nero has to reckon with the angry Empress, who, in a scene of real dramatic inspiration, tries first to rouse tenderness; then, hearing herself doomed to a banishment from the great scene of Rome, she flashes into revolt, and challenges her own creation before the crowded assembly.

Romans, behold this son: the man of men,

This harp-player, this actor, this buffoon—

Nero. Peace—

Agrippina. Sitting where great Julius but aspired to sit,  
And died in the aspiring; see,  
This mime—my son is he? And did I then

Have one mad moment with a street musician?

That is only a part of the scene, and through it, as nowhere else in the play, poetry holds the stage—genuine dramatic poetry—until Agrippina goes out, carrying with her Britannicus, the pretender, whom she avows her intention to proclaim.

In the consternation which she leaves behind her, Nero is seen calm, and presently (in a passage which is at least extremely brilliant) we have him projecting "the death scene of the boy Britannicus." His counter-stroke is to be murder—murder done before our eyes by Nero at Nero's own board. I take it that whatever distracts us from the sense of this awful thing impending, whatever does not heighten our perception of cold treachery, whatever does not make us long to cry out, is hostile to drama and to poetry. Let us pass the scene with Locusta: it is unnecessary, for Nero has merely to say that he means to work by poison. Yet in a pageant of Nero's day, Locusta has a right to hold attention for a mo-

ment as she passes: it is the banquet itself that I blame. For myself, frankly, I forgot all about the murder. Here was a triclinium being constructed before my eyes, and guests taking their places at it. I had always been curious to know how the Romans sat at table, and I was sure that Mr. Tree's antiquarians had explored the matter, and could give chapter and verse for every detail. Here again was a peacock coming in with all his feathers—and when one was beginning to be tired of the dishes, and might have returned to reflect on the story, the bloody business on hand, suddenly a ballet broke in on us, and I was whirled with the whirling skirts into all sorts of speculations as to whether the Romans ever saw a *danse du ventre*, until suddenly Nero got up and invited Britannicus to recite. I liked the verses which Britannicus declaimed, and the way in which he declaimed them; one could listen now, for the stage direction was an interval of stillness. But as for having any sense of drama, that had been shattered to pieces by the worst of all interruptions—the irrelevant pageantries of the stage. Britannicus's recitation, and his admirable stage fall at the end of it, simply affected me as a good "turn" at a music-hall.

Suppose, now, instead of the dishes and the dancers, we had a simple scene of people sitting at a table, the host welcoming his guests, the son making peace with his angered mother, and then quiet talk with little boding hints to those who were in the secret—all leading up to the request for the declamation, the offer of the poisoned snow to cool the reciter's cup—and then, in on that tense expectancy, the death-fall, the horror of slow realization, the sinking away of the guests; then I think you would have a scene which would have lent a fiery significance to the answer with which Nero silences

his mother's question, as the curtain falls—"Mother, I am thy son." But as it was, pageantry had obliterated all our sense of those fierce avowals in which Agrippina told Nero and the world how she had "paved a way for him through ghosts"; how she was "bloody from head to foot for sake of him"; and it was not the ridiculous dropping of red rose-leaves between the pair that could recall a broken mood.

For in truth all physical mimicry of tragic violence can only be impressive if the mind of spectators is held captive, imprisoned in an illusion; and at best it is never so impressive as suggestion wholly or partially conveyed through imagination. The only quite unbearable horror I ever saw was in one of Maeterlinck's plays—a woman battering with naked hands at a heavy door from behind which issued a child's voice wailing for help. When the eye sees murder done, *incredulus odit*—or at least, it tends to a sceptical repugnance. But when Electra, going in to her own house, speaks thus to the chorus:

O women, let your voices from this  
fray  
Flash me a fiery signal where I sit,  
The sword across my knees,

a picture rises up inevitably of that grim waiting, and the bare outside of the cottage walls becomes charged with menace. What can really be given on the stage, beyond the clash and collision of wills, is the sense of something that is going to happen—not the happening itself, if the event be physical. The Greeks realized this as no other generation of dramatists has ever done, and therein lies their greatness. I do not say that the happening can never be simulated with effect on the stage: I say only that when the expectancy has been created, as in the opening of the *Bacchæ*, mere narration of the hinted catastrophe may have a power

which hardly any physical presentment can approach. But in any case this expectancy must be guarded from all intrusion; and in another scene of *Nero* we had a conspicuous example of how easily the spell may be broken. Agrippina has been sent afloat on a pinnacle under a leaden canopy poised to crush her; her son and his satellites are waiting at watch over the sea. In the first place, there are, I think, too many speakers in the scene of suspense; in the second, the wanderings of Nero's own mind are self-consciously noted by him, and this piece of psychology distracts us. But, above all, the background, in itself already too much of a pageant, cannot stay as it is: accursed ingenuities of stage contrivance are set to work, clouds come up, the atmosphere changes—as if matricide were not impressive enough for the mind to contemplate, as if a stage tempest would help it to new horrors.

We all know the case that can be made for abundant physical suggestion. Shakespeare killed his hundreds on the stage. More than that, Shakespeare was never specially anxious to maintain a severe dramatic unity; he would stray superbly after some irrelevant issue. But, let us remark, the Elizabethan type of drama depended for its success—where it succeeded—on a gift in which Mr. Phillips is singularly lacking. Detach any little bit of Shakespeare's plays, and you find it pulling with life. The least of his characters is apt to have a strong individuality. It is the capital defect of Mr. Phillips as a dramatist that he cannot interest himself in more than one or two personages. In *Nero* the subordinate actors, Tigellinus, Anicetus, Seneca, and Burrhus, are mere lay figures. They never live for an instant. This defect is not damning: I cannot see that the Greek dramatists presented in any play more than one figure as an individual: and certainly in the *Electra*



all but Electra herself are mere types, save, perhaps, for a shadowy adumbration of Clytemnestra, and the play would certainly be no worse were Clytemnestra true to the type-tradition of her. But without the Shakespearean gift of creation an artist is bound by the Greek notions which come down to us transmitted through the French and inculcate a rigid concentration of purpose. Mr. Phillips has never been so diffuse and scattered as in *Nero*; yet even where he has really concentrated emotion, so that the play *reads* tense and serried, the manner of presentment on the stage called our attention continually from the emotion to its setting, from the essence to the unessential.

All this is criticism from the point of view of those with whom the play is the first consideration. I maintain that in *Nero* neither the verse as verse nor the play as a play had a chance. What is more, neither had the players. Mr. Tree is an actor who delights me, but neither he nor any one else could dominate that tumult of impressions. If the play had been produced by the same actors without scenery or machinery at all, on the Elizabethan principle, I believe it would have been extremely moving. From the other point of view, that of the public which admires the *fumum et opes strepitumque*—the smoke and the display and the row of the whole performance—I conceive that a different objection might be taken. In the early scenes of *Faust*, one felt Mr. Ainley's painful anxiety to speak as many words to the minute as possible. In both these plays the necessity of getting through the talking interfered with the dumb-show. In one long scene of *Nero*—that of the triumphal procession—which does not figure at all in the text and was presumably the manager's own creation, I should have liked a little more delay. They tell me the hoofs of Nero's white horses were gilt—as, of course, they

ought, to be—and I had not time to see this. If for some few evenings the pageant could have been produced strictly from an archaeological point of view without any dialogue, while a distinguished scholar stood at the wings with a long pointer, and lectured on the demonstration, it would have been profoundly interesting. On these evenings the play could have been spoken elsewhere, to those who cared to hear it, without scenery.

In the meanwhile *Nero* was a blazing success from every point of view except that of art. In it, and in *Faust*, Mr. Phillips has written not a play but a series of tableaux, and nowhere in them does he come near the high-water mark of his own poetry. Mr. Tree, in producing them, has entirely obscured his own extraordinary talent as an actor. Everything has its price; and it is probably from a sense of the price to be paid that distinguished actors, tempted into accepting plays in verse, yet shrink from producing them (witness, for instance, the vigorous story of St. Bartholomew's Day and Henry of Navarre, included in a volume of *Dramas and Diversions*, by Mr. W. L. Courtney. It seems that Henry Irving kept it by him for years, and that his son now keeps it also, in obscurity, deterred doubtless by the same considerations). For one thing appears clear, and that is that the poetic dramatist and the actor of poetic drama, if they desire success from the artistic standpoint, must go out into the wilderness. It need not be a very formidable wilderness, and Mr. Yeats has long been comfortably established there. But it will be a land of short runs and small takings, a land of *matinées* and scratch companies, a land of undiscovered stars. Yet too much prosperity has never been counted good for poets, and in the wilderness there will be no temptation to overload a stage with pomps and vanities. Verse is cheaper to make, and really better for

the purpose. There will also be no question of writing to suit this or that actor, this or that theatre, since the players will presumably be young artists, and therefore tractable. Nor need the exile be everlasting. Mr. Shaw has just come out of the same wilderness in triumph; and it is notable that, except for one or two of Mr. Shaw's plays, nothing produced at the  
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Court by Mr. Barker succeeded so well as the *Electra*. But for the present, at all events, a poet who is not content to aspire merely to the same modest degree of popularity as Mr. Murray and Euripides have achieved must either court failure in an ordinary theatre before an ordinary audience, or accept conditions hostile to the very essence of his art.

*Stephen Gwynn.*

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### THE YOUNG GENERATION IN GERMANY.

In Oscar Wilde's "A Woman of No Importance" one of the characters says, *à propos* of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, "Oh, it was discovered long before that, but it was always hushed up." Now that modern Germany has been discovered and its explorers are giving concrete proof of the results of their investigations in the form of countless books and review and newspaper articles, just as Columbus and the early pioneers sent back to Europe slaves and ivory and gold-dust from the magic West as tokens of their success, Wilde's paradox seems to possess in its application to this new power in the world a quite especial fitness. For to the great majority of Englishmen Germany is a discovery, a find of the last decade. And this is eminently true of the German capital. In the seventies and eighties Berlin, in the eyes of a great many people, possessed the sole significance of being the residence of Prince Bismarck. To the traveller the city was principally known as the chief stage on the route to Russia, and their acquaintance with the German capital confined itself to a glimpse caught from the train of long lines of evenly laid-out streets, the houses

standing gaunt and drab in the gray light of dawn, or else to a sleepy controversy with tightly-uniformed officials beneath the great glass roof of the Friedrichstrasse terminus. That favorite German story of the Englishman who, having been served with a cup of coffee at the Hamburg railway station by a red-haired waiter with a stutter, proceeded to write in his diary, "The inhabitants of Hamburg have red hair and stammer," was until fairly recently not so wide of the mark. Berlin was known to exist, but its existence as a capital was always "hushed up." Nor is it surprising. Before the union of the Empire, and for a decade or two afterwards, the *residenz* of the Kings of Prussia was a sorry little place. The most primitive conditions prevailed, and the Berlin to which the first German Emperor and his victorious troops returned laurel-wreathed after the Franco-Prussian war was nothing better than a dull, straggling provincial town. Gas was a luxury, drainage was deficient, and the ill-paved, worse-lighted streets were worthy of the insignificant beetling houses with which they were lined. There is many a Berliner, hale and hearty today, who loves to tell

of the time in his youth when the city stood within a wall. Life was cheap, money was scarce, and the straitened circumstances of the Court were a good excuse for the frugal, unpretentious ways of society.

Barbarossa awoke from his sleep, the German Empire came into being, and Berlin bestirred herself. The old two-storied buildings began to disappear, and whole streets were erased to make way for modern thoroughfares laid out in parallel lines on the American model. A drainage system was laid. In a little time Berlin changed from a big, straggling village into a town in being. A city in its transitory stage is never a thing of beauty. Of course, great cities are ever in a state of transition; but in Berlin, whose architectural outline the finger of History has never gilded, the contrast between the old and the new—the old-fashioned, ugly, and the glaring utilitarian—was all too garish. So whilst Prussia slowly recovered from the fatigues of war, Berlin went on steadily developing, private enterprise and the police going hand in hand, as is the Prussian way. To the Englishman, Berlin remained undiscovered—always hushed up. By-and-by his daughters came over now and again, and found out how little they knew about piano-playing—for Berlin has ever been famed for her music—and soon the growth of German trade began to attract the business man to Berlin, which was also the cradle of the great electrical industry. The dismissal of Prince Bismarck and the abrupt change from the retiring old Emperor and his mighty Chancellor to the pushful young Sovereign and his effete Minister threw the searchlight of public interest on the Kaiser's capital. The frequency of Imperial indiscretions brought Berlin to the British breakfast-table, where, as is well known, the Englishman takes his politics with his

tea and toast. Yet it is doubtful whether the newspaper reports, the excellence of which to some extent depends on the salary of the correspondent, and consequently on the importance of the capital, conveyed any clearer picture than that of a fierce-looking young man with bristling moustaches standing on a sandy plain, ejecting staccato gutturals at incredible numbers of stiff, wooden-like soldiers.

It was really the Boer war which brought Berlin into the British public eye. It is a pet fallacy of German politicians that the acute state of feeling between Great Britain and Germany, which now seems in a fair way of being adjusted on a sensible basis, is founded on England's jealousy of Germany as a trade rival. That, to quote a good German expression, is *Quatsch*. On our side, at any rate, Englishmen are the best judges of the causes of British distrust of Germany, and there is no question about it that the Krüger telegram, followed by the rabid hostility of the overwhelming majority of Germans during the Boer war, was the *fons et origo* of the entire anti-German feeling in England. What Prince Bülow—*nota bene*, long after the axe had been buried in South Africa—was pleased to denounce as the *Burenrummel*, has passed away, and there are not wanting voices now in Germany to condemn it as the incautious expression of admiration and sympathy for a kindred race fighting its last fight for home and independence. But those Englishmen who, like the writer, were forced to live in Germany during the Boer war know better. The unceasing calumnies and insults uttered in public as in private against our countrymen caused pangs so bitter as, though forgiven, never to be forgotten. But even were this evidence lacking, there is left the telling testimony of the crisis of last November.

What hurt the Germans most deeply of any part of the *Daily Telegraph* interview was the discovery that the Emperor had exerted himself on behalf of the oppressors of a German stock, in the interests of that nation whom the German people had almost unanimously denounced as the enemy of mankind. That admission has done more to estrange from the Kaiser the sympathies of his people than any other which the interview contains, and it is that which the Emperor will have the greatest difficulty in living down.

The Boer war, the death of Queen Victoria, and the Boxer rising were all events in which Germany and her ruler figured conspicuously. And ever since King Edward's accession Germany has been in the political foreground, with the inevitable result of bringing her capital into the world's eye. Modern Berlin has been discovered and will never be hushed up any more. The Kaiser's capital is yearly the Mecca of innumerable deputations and missions, whose members range from municipal councillors to textile workers, all intent on investigating on the spot that wonderful organization of communal institutions which years of patient, plodding study have brought to a high pitch of perfection. Cabinet Ministers have crossed the North Sea to gather hints on subjects so diverse as workmen's insurance and army reform; actor-managers have come to satisfy their curiosity, and, in their admiration for the master-pieces of stage-manager and scene-painter, have forgotten to scoff at the dowdy, unkempt appearance of the Berlin theatre audiences.

And the Press? Asked his opinion of the relative political importance of the various capitals of the world, a great newspaper proprietor recently—but before the supreme constitutional crisis of last November—gave the fol-

lowing order:—London, Berlin, New York, Tokio, Paris. Shade of Louis Napoleon! Paris in the fifth place! But from an English point of view, at any rate, a glance at the London newspapers will confirm the correctness of this estimate.

The romantic strain in the English character, which gives us the best stage pictures and the finest illustrated papers in the world, has the disadvantage of lending its warm glow to distort the daily account of German life and development published in the popular Press, if one may be permitted so to describe the London equivalents of the American yellow Press. That is the main reason why the great mass of the British public has a wholly wrong impression of the German Emperor, his character, his influence for good or evil, and his popularity in his own country. And that is why little or nothing is generally known in England about the young generation of modern Germany, the youths who are the fathers of the men, those men who, as the briefest mental review of the political relations of the two countries will show, are destined to play a considerable part in the foreign politics of the British Empire. The space and attention given in the many excellent works on modern Germany, which every publishing season brings on the market, to the movement of the working classes in the Empire, convey an adequate notion of the life and conditions of life of the artisan and laborer. After all, *pace* the Social Democrats, the influence of the proletariat on guiding Germany's foreign relations does not go beyond becoming soldiers, who, to quote Figaro's famous definition, "kill and allow themselves to be killed for interests of which they know nothing." So it is not the working classes to which the writer refers, but the middle class, and particularly the upper middle class, the young men who

are now growing up to be the industrial magnates, the military and naval leaders and the statesmen of the coming generation.

There are many Englishmen, especially those of the "muddle-through" school, who are wont to banish unpleasant thoughts conjured up by the pessimistic reflections, which are fortunately becoming more frequent, on the decadence of young England, on the deficiencies of our educational system or on our national defence, by the thought of the sterling qualities of the English race, those qualities which shine brightest when tried in the fire of national stress. It is a splendid trait in the English character, this national self-reliance, and one that is the foundation of England's principal political asset, the profound respect her citizens enjoy throughout the world. But what if, in the hour of stress, we are confronted by a race possessing, in addition to a method and system unknown in the home of the liberty of the subject, those very qualities which have made England what she is, and upon which our club-chair patriots depend? The union of the German Empire not only fashioned a modern capital out of a straggling townlet on a sandy plain—it did more: it brought to earth, like another Prometheus, the fire of Imperialism, and wrought the Imperial German, a being conscious of his strength, discarding the narrow-mindedness of the Prussian, but preserving the latter's sterling characteristics of loyalty and thoroughness, keeping the idealism of the *Anno Domini* for his æsthetic pleasures, and applying its patriotic spirit, the flame that blazed up at Lepsic, at Waterloo, at Sedan, to the stern actuality of life.

As a salve to the Englishman's bad conscience with regard to the state of learning at our public schools as compared with the German *Gymnasien*,

there is a good deal written about the pale-faced German schoolboy, who spends the sparse time left over from the crushing weight of his home-work in imbibing huge quantities of beer and smoking Hamburg cigars. A few years ago this picture would not have been so very much overdrawn, and it might still be verified in some of the remoter parts of Germany; but we are dealing with modern Germany, of which Berlin is the pulse. For some years now there has been a strong movement, backed by the whole-hearted support of the Government, to introduce games into the schools on a regular scale, instead of leaving the question to the irregular initiative of the more energetic of the boys themselves. But gymnastics have long been a compulsory part of the curriculum of the *Gymnasien*, and the success of the German *Turnvereine* at the various Olympic Games is convincing proof of the young German's proficiency in the domain of bars and trapeze. In swimming the German schoolboy has nothing to learn from anybody. One would like to bring the Arabian magic carpet over to Lords or the Oval one Saturday afternoon in summer, and transport some of the cricket enthusiasts to any of the swimming-pools with which the vicinity of Berlin abounds, and let him see the smallest schoolboys performing diving tricks of the most imposing daring off the 30-foot board. Thanks to the Empress Frederick and the present German Emperor tennis has for some years been a most popular pastime. The triumph of the young Frankfurter, Froitzheim, at the Olympic Games in England last summer, is fresh in every one's mind, and those who play the game regularly from year to year in Germany can convince themselves of the steady improvement in the general German form. A covered court tournament was held in Berlin in the



depth of winter this year, and, despite the counter attractions of an unrivalled skating season, proved a huge success, both from the sporting and from the social standpoint. The lack of good grass in Germany has proved a hindrance to the practicability of both cricket and football, but both games are played. A stalwart Yorkshireman, whom one of Destiny's little tricks installed in a cigar shop in Berlin, introduced both games into Berlin some twenty years ago. There are half a dozen cricket and Association football teams in the capital now, the same teams playing the games in their respective seasons, and although the general form is poor, the matches against the various towns of Germany attract large crowds. It is characteristic of German ways that the visits of English football elevens have been abandoned almost completely. The Englishmen regularly won by a large margin, so the Germans intend to make progress in private for a year or two and then try conclusions again. The Universities and schools have their rowing clubs, and send boats to the Berlin regatta held annually at Grönuau on the Spree. There are also several hockey clubs in the larger towns. The hockey girl is hardly compatible with English ideas of the German *Mädchen*, yet there is a very energetic ladies' hockey club in Berlin.

Apart from the significance of the increasing popularity of sport, the awakening of a social interest in games is an most noteworthy feature of the trend of the young generation in Germany. In the capital, for instance, certain annual sporting fixtures are society events of the first magnitude. The Berlin Turnier-Klub's yearly lawn-tennis tournament, the Grönuau Regatta and the Concours Hippique (the Horse Show) are all events which draw large attendances of society people.

These are all but signs of the times, straws "to show where sits the wind," but they are symptomatic of the development of the young German along the lines of healthy open-air exercise, which steeled the muscles of our fathers and grandfathers, and taught them the self-control necessary to rule the universe. The time is, of course, yet far off when it will be possible to compare the cultivation of sport for sport's sake in Germany with English conditions, but the progress I have here recorded has been made within a decade, or even less. An Englishman who walked through the streets of Berlin five years ago in flannels was shouted after, whereas to-day the most eccentric costume in which the athletic German proposes to disport himself passes unobserved.

The Londoner thinks he knows the modern German, the beaming, bespectacled, boarding-house City clerk, whose modest demands for remuneration are in inverse ratio to his thirst to acquire the English language. Having tapped every source for knowledge of English business methods, and having gained a good acquaintance with the language, he will go back to Germany to turn to his material advantage in some bank or export house the experience of his London *Lehrzeit*, and the National Liberal or Radical party will benefit by his admiration for British ideas of personal liberty. For the modern German returns to the Fatherland. The emigration figures are steadily decreasing, and the large total of emigrants conveyed to North America or Australia by Hamburg and Bremen is accounted for in the main by the exodus from Eastern Europe, by which, with their keen business instinct, the great German shipping companies are profiting so largely. The *Nörgler* is no longer fashionable, no longer *chic*. Young Germany is beginning to take a pride in the Empire, its



shipping, its industry. The national demonstration represented by the great Zeppelin subscription was rightly termed unprecedented, because it was the first occasion for the German Empire to give a tangible proof of its coherence in the cause of Imperial greatness. Imperialism, too, was the explanation of the fervid excitement evoked throughout Germany by the trial trips of the *Lusitania* and *Mauretania* across the Atlantic, by which the Cunard line wrested from its German rivals the blue riband of the American traffic.

The foreign experience of the young German no longer tends to fill him with discontent at the narrow-mindedness of his own Administration, the provincialism of his own metropolis, or the failings of his own countrymen, but rather to inspire him to apply his knowledge to furthering the work already begun. If he is a *Berliner Kind*, on his return to Berlin he will note with satisfaction, none the less sincere for that it is not expressed—the true Berliner disparages everything *chez soi*—the progress made in his absence: more boiled shirt-fronts in the stalls at the opera, the extension of the electric railway, the district messenger boys, the new hotels. And if he comes from London he will draw comparisons, probably to our disadvantage.

There is a saying which, like all other generalizations, contains an element of truth, that “the best Americans stay in America.” Much the same might be said about the Germans. Those who have the means can bring into their families that knowledge which the young German has to spend a year of home-sickness in London to seek. One has but to walk through the Berlin Tiergarten of a fine morning to hear the chiding of obstreperous infants in accents which, if one shuts one’s eyes, recall Kensington

Gardens. For to nearly all who can afford it the English “Miss,” as the nursery governesses in Germany are invariably addressed, is an indispensable member of the household.

While Berlin was growing like a young giant, borrowing here and there the best and newest from her older sisters among the capitals, Germany’s *jeunesse dorée* was keeping pace. It was not long before the German young man-about-town became conscious that the English accent, which passed muster so credibly at Homburg or Wiesbaden in the summer season, was out of all keeping with the sartorial enormities perpetrated by the paternal tailor, who had hitherto been considered competent to dress the male members of the family from father to son. The improvement in the standard of dress for both sexes has not been so marked as has been modern Germany’s progress in other directions, but the modern German of good family, barring a certain idiosyncrasy in regard to the altitude of his collars, makes a good attempt at imitating his London prototype, and avoids the more flagrant errors into which the German middle classes fall. The custom of wearing evening dress at dinner and at the better-class theatres is growing more and more usual, and those young Germans who have spent some time in London or Paris seem to adopt the habit as a matter of course.

The young German of good family will nearly always speak English or French in addition to his mother tongue, having learnt them in the nursery from English and French governesses. The influence of games, in which his school days have been passed, will do much to counteract the beer-drinking evil of his University course or the wine-bibbing habits of his military service. Public opinion

is at last making a stand against these abuses, and as far as the army is concerned the present Emperor's insistence on simple, unextravagant methods at the mess-table has been productive of the best results. When then, finally, the young German aristocrat or millionaire's son, embarking on a State career, passes into the Government service he resembles the young Englishman more than any other foreigner, with certain important differences which do not redound to our credit. It is true he will not possess the national self-reliance of the Englishman, for that is the product of our centuries of supremacy. Nor will he have the same calm sense of responsibility, the cool nerve of the Englishman, for his temperament is different; and, besides, under the German system the unquestioning automat goes farther than the reasoning man of enterprise. But he will have as sound knowledge of the literature of his country—a result of the German education—will, in all probability, hold a University degree, and will speak French and English equally fluently, besides having more than a nodding acquaintance with the literature of the two countries. The type here described is by no means imaginary; modern Germany is turning out plenty of such young men, as a season in Berlin will prove to any visitor. The Government services contain several notable examples of the type, as, for instance, Count John Bernstorff, but lately appointed to the German Embassy at Washington as successor to Baron Speck von Sternburg. But it is not alone in the State employment that the brilliant young Germans are to be found. The great banks, the great industrial and shipping firms, are ever on the look-out for talent to be utilized in aiding in the great work of developing the German Empire.

To Englishmen the case should pre-

sent—presents—something more than a psychological interest. The foreign policies of both Germany and England, but more especially of Germany, have for the past decade been absolutely overshadowed by the state of the relations between the two countries. These young Germans have been growing up in an atmosphere of Anglo-phobia. To state the fact is not to accuse the Germans of wishing to "invade" England, to seize our Colonies, or to seek to undermine our friendships with other Powers. But the fact remains that at the most impressionable period of their lives the young Germans, who are just embarking on their careers, were accustomed to hear day after day for several years in and out of class the most lurid tales of British cupidity, cruelty and outrage. The German Navy League gladly seized upon the Boer propaganda to push their unceasing agitation for a mighty fleet, and found nowhere a more fruitful soil for their patriotic endeavors than in the high schools and Universities. For three years now, ever since the Morocco affair, the fable of the isolation of Germany by a coalition headed by King Edward has been industriously circulated and believed. Rightly or wrongly, the political constellation has been represented as showing England and Germany in direct antagonism. It is apparent that this is a situation which conceals considerable elements of danger, in view of which, if for no other more exalted reason, the tension in the state of feeling between the two great Germanic peoples should be slackened by all means in the power of the two nations. By refusing to discuss the eventual limitation of armaments the German Government has given us the direction for the future. The British Government has strengthened the fleet in the North Sea, showing thereby that it understands. If the young generation

of England, with the two-Power standard as its *mot d'ordre*, would learn to know a little better the young generation of modern Germany, the mutual

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advantages accruing to the two nations therefrom would materially contribute to the peace of the world.

Eulenspiegel.

## HARDY-ON-THE-HILL.

BY M. E. FRANCIS

(Mrs. Francis Blundell.)

### CHAPTER XVII.

The blackthorn winter had come, all blue and white, with skies of cold azure and scudding fleecy clouds, a slate-colored haze veiling the distant woods and wreaths of snowy blossoms appearing amid the nipped leaf-buds of the hedge, cruel winds driving the dust along the roads and making poor folks' washing dance and turn somersaults on the clothes-lines. It penetrated through many interstices into the Little Farm and caused Mr. Leslie's chimney to smoke and his eyes to water. But it was a fine, brave, invigorating wind for all that, and made young blood glow and young cheeks rosy.

Kitty and Bess stood in the teeth of it one sunny day, with shining eyes and faces pink with excitement above their white furs. There was to be a meet within easy distance, and Stephen had borrowed a little pony-cart, and they were to drive themselves to the spot.

The pony was very fat and very good-humored, and qualified to withstand all possible temptations to excitement and, moreover, to submit patiently to Bess's guidance as charioteer.

"So long as you do start in good time, my dear," Rebecca reminded them, "he'll take you there as right as anything—so long as you do start in good time."

Stephen was there, too, looking his best, as he always did, in his hunting accoutrements, and Louisa stood in the

background rubbing her elbows and giggling, while Cox, who was supposed to be holding the pony, was lost in profound abstraction.

"Vanity of vanities," murmured Cox, as he relinquished the reins to Bess.

They were off at last, the vehicle narrowly escaping an upset at the corner, where Bess had accidentally driven into a post.

"Lard ha' mercy me!" ejaculated Rebecca, looking after them. "D'ye reckon they'll get there safe, Stephen? I'd ha' thought Miss Bess could drive better after all the ridin' lessons she've a-had!"

"Oh, she'll manage all right now they are on the straight road," said Stephen; "she happened to be looking over her shoulder just then. I don't think they could overturn that little cart if they tried."

He went leisurely up the hill again, for there was no necessity for him to start for another half-hour, and Rebecca followed, while Louisa, cheerfully prophesying that the turnout would be "het all to flinders before her young ladies came home-along," made her way back to her own quarters.

After many vicissitudes, the sisters duly arrived at the park of a certain magnate where the meet was to take place, joining in the stream of carriages which were making its way up the avenue leading to the house.

"Isn't this fun?" ejaculated Bess, waving her whip. "I do feel, for once

in a way, we are taking our proper place in the world. This is really quite a smart little turnout."

"Quite," assented Kitty. She, too, was looking about her eagerly, delighting in the gaiety of the scene.

It was a large meet. Several ladies were "out" and many more had arrived, as has been said, in carriages. There were even one or two motor-cars.

Bess fired off rapturous exclamations at half-minute intervals.

"Do look at the dogs. . . I wish they all had red coats. . . There's quite a tiny child on a pony."

Sandwiches were offered to them, and were accepted with great dignity by Bess, who, however, declined the accompanying cherry brandy. Presently her face fell.

"These are the sort of people we ought to know, Kitty," she murmured, "and we don't know one—not one. I wish Farmer Hardy would come up; even he would be better than nobody. Look at those two girls over there in the motor-car, what jokes they are having with that boy—*Kitty!*"

"What?" said Kitty, recovering from her amazement at the tone in which her sister had said "Even he." Yet surely she was thinking of marrying Stephen Hardy.

"Kitty," said Bess, with renewed energy, and rising in the cart as she spoke. "That boy—don't you see—it's Teddy Venables!"

She had, indeed, recognized the pink-and-white countenance of a youth whom they had both known very well in their Oxford days. So well, indeed, that they had been accustomed to call him by his Christian name, for he was a cousin of some intimate friends of theirs and they had met him frequently even before he had come "up" as a "fresher" during the preceding year.

At the sound of Bess's voice and, possibly, of his own name Mr. Venables turned round with slightly uplifted eye-

brows and an immediate assumption of dignity. On catching sight of the sisters, however, he relinquished this attitude, sprang out of the motor, and ran towards their modest equipage with outstretched hands.

"Can I believe my eyes?" he exclaimed. "Bess! Kitty!"

"Yes, it's really us," responded Bess, permitting her hand to be warmly shaken.

"Well, who would have thought of meeting you here!" ejaculated the lad.

"Surely you must have heard that we left Oxford," said Kitty. "Didn't the Brookes tell you that we were living here?"

Teddy shook his head with an air of conviction.

"They couldn't have," he said, "else I should have remembered. It was very remiss of them."

"I suppose most of our friends have forgotten us by this time," said Bess. "Poor us! We are stoney-broke, you know, Teddy."

Mr. Venables looked as sympathetic as was compatible with a slight sense of awkwardness, and remarked, after a pause, that it certainly was a piece of luck meeting them there.

At that moment there was a general move towards the covert. Bess cast a little sidelong, pathetic look at Teddy.

"Now, of course, you'll go back to your motor and your smart friends," she remarked, "and we shall jog along with the rabble."

"I'll do nothing of the kind," he returned. "Between ourselves, those are two awfully stuffy girls—I don't like 'em a bit. Can't you make room for me in there? That's a stiff little beast you are driving; he'll get me along all right. I'll just tell them I've met some old friends who are going to give me a lift."

He ran back to the motor, which was being got under way, and the occupants received his announcement with a mix-

ture of amusement and surprise. The two girls looked round with undisguised curiosity, while the owner of the car, who was driving, watched Teddy's return to the Leslies with an affable grin.

"Now we are all right," he remarked, as he opened the door; "if you two would sit together we'd balance better. That's all right," as he drew in his long legs with some difficulty and re-fastened the door. "If I'd only known you were living here I'd have come to see you ages ago. I've been down here nearly a fortnight. I'm staying with some cousins. I say, Bess, the motor will be into us in a minute if you waggle about like that."

"You'd better drive, I think," said Bess. "This pony has a mouth like a rocking-horse."

Teddy took possession of the reins, and the motor passed, the occupants of both vehicles smiling at each other.

Teddy was not sorry to show his housemates on what intimate terms he was with the two extremely pretty girls in the pony-cart. Both, indeed, were looking their best; Bess had never appeared to greater advantage. Teddy gazed at her with increasing satisfaction. He had not felt any particular admiration for her at Oxford, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances in which they met, but now he thought to himself that she had developed amazingly, and his spirits went up with a bound when he ascertained that they lived but a short distance away. He had hitherto found it a little dull at his cousins' house, and probably would not have remained there so long if he had not been supposed to be reading hard during this particular "vac."

"Didn't you know that the Herlots were cousins of mine?" he asked. "That's old George there—awful good chap. Haven't you come across them yet?"

"We haven't come across anybody!" said Bess. "Nobody has called—not a single creature except the Rector and his wife."

"No!" said Teddy.

"You see we are living at a farm," interpolated Kitty.

"We have only three hundred a year left," explained Bess, shaking her head. "That doesn't go very far among three people."

Mr. Venables, who had found three hundred a year go a very short way when applied to the expenditure of a single person, shook his head commiseratingly:—

"Indeed it doesn't," he rejoined. "I say!"

"It is rather hard, isn't it," resumed Bess, "to be living like hermits just when we ought to be seeing a little life. Poor dear father, you see—it's all because poor dear father is so frightfully learned and clever that he has made such a mess of things. Instead of opening our minds and giving us advantages, he goes on buying books and buying books—I believe we shall end in the workhouse."

Kitty was beginning a warm protest, when Mr. Venables, who was a tactful person, adroitly changed the conversation.

"I'll tell Dorothea to call, anyhow," he said. "You'll like her very much. She's as jolly and good-natured as they make 'em."

"Oh, I've heard of Lady Dorothea," cried Bess, eagerly. "You know, Kitty, we saw her go past the post-office one day—she's a pretty woman."

"Not bad-looking," agreed Teddy; "a little *passée*, of course, but she must be over thirty. Hullo, now they're off!"

The pursuit of sport having now become the main object, and the pony being of a placid disposition, and in no way inclined to hurry himself, serious conversation was deferred till a more suitable opportunity. After a couple

of hours, during which they had managed by dint of various short cuts and knowing turns, to keep up in a sort of way, the party in the governess-cart found itself hopelessly distanced, and began to think about returning home.

"How will you get back?" asked Kitty. "Crichleigh is miles away, isn't it?"

"It must be at least seven miles off," responded Venables. "Are we far from your place?"

"I haven't the least idea," cried she with a laugh.

"Well, if it's the other side of Branstons, we'd better go that way," said Teddy, pointing with his whip.

"You'll have some lunch with us, anyhow?" suggested Bess.

Teddy, who frankly owned to feeling hungry, remarked that that would be a very good thing; and having turned the pony's nose in the Branstons direction, they proceeded at the best pace it could be induced to adopt.

They had not gone far on their homeward way when the sound of hoofs behind them made them look back; Stephen Hardy was trotting after them.

"I came to see if you were all right," he remarked, as he overtook them, and slackened his horse's pace.

"Quite, thanks," said Bess, somewhat curtly.

"Yes, we have got on very well," added Kitty quickly.

"I was kept at the last minute, and they had moved off by the time I got up," explained he. "I missed you somehow, but if you are all right——"

"Quite, thanks," said Bess again, with her chin a little tilted.

"We met a friend, as you see," explained Kitty, observing that Stephen was looking with some curiosity at Teddy.

She was about to complete the introduction, when Stephen, lifting his hat, wheeled and rode off.

"Who's that chap?" inquired Teddy, as the hoof-beats died away in the distance.

"Our landlord," said Bess, hastily, before Kitty could put in a word.

"Fine-looking fellow," remarked Teddy.

"He has been wonderfully kind to us," said Kitty with a reproachful glance at her sister.

Bess colored and looked the other way.

"I think," pursued Kitty, "it was very nice of him to run the risk of spolling his day's sport in order to look after us."

"Well, that's his look-out," responded Bess, tartly. "We don't want any looking after."

"Oh, yes, you do," said Mr. Venables, with a meaning glance; "but I've undertaken to do it, you see. Poor chap," he added, after a pause, with a chuckle, "he looked a bit sick, didn't he?"

Bess glanced back at him with an expression of artless surprise, upon which Teddy became more explicit; during the remainder of the drive a running fire of chaff was kept up between the two, while Kitty, leaning back in her corner, remained silent.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

On the shady side of the neglected shrubbery at the back of the Little Farm, sat Bess one April afternoon. It was necessary to choose the shady side, for the spring sunshine was scorching—a not uncommon phenomenon in that sheltered southern county. Teddy, sprawled at her feet, lying on his stomach, his Panama hat pushed back on his head, his legs waving in the air, his heels occasionally clicking together in moments of special enthusiasm. For this was an interval of what Bess called intellectual repose, and Teddy was reading aloud Omar Khayyam. They had previously wrangled for some twenty minutes



over the term to be applied to this period of relaxation; Teddy declaring that the stimulating properties of the Persian poet rendered the word "repose" inapt, while Bess stoutly maintained that the characteristic of the verse was nothing if not soothing. Anyhow, as she triumphantly pointed out, after laboring so hard at the construction of the pheasantry, this break could not be looked upon in any light save that of restfulness.

Her dimples were so bewitching, and the languid grace of her attitude was so engaging, that Teddy ultimately succumbed to her arguments, and intoned the musical lines with such mellifluousness that his companion presently closed her eyes, and seemed indeed to hover on the edge of dreamland.

A pheasantry might appear a scarcely appropriate adjunct to the Little Farm; the prospective occupants of the somewhat lop-sided construction were, however, no ordinary fowl, but a pair of silver pheasants bestowed on Bess by Teddy's cousin. The sisters' acquaintanceship with that lady was rapidly developing on intimate lines. Lady Dorothea Heriot delighted in novelty, and the piquancy of the contrast between the two pretty girls and their bookworm father, and of all three with their surroundings and circumstances, tickled her imagination. She had called on them several times, and had, moreover, often carried them off in her motor to her beautiful luxurious house, where they had spent pleasant hours listening to her whimsical conversation or examining the many art treasures which generations of Heriots had accumulated. The gardens too, now in full spring glory, were a never-failing source of wonder and delight.

The Little Farm looked very small indeed, very dilapidated, very unsatisfactory, when they returned from these expeditions; and if Bess had not been so busy in rehearsing clever speeches

with which to astonish Teddy, she might have given way to open discontent. Teddy came almost every day, and as he was, at this period of his existence, much given to theorizing on abstruse subjects, and as he had on one occasion informed Bess that he considered her a brilliant conversationalist, and on another that he was astonished at the profundity of her mind, it behoved her to keep up her reputation in these respects. Transmigration of souls was the subject which occupied their spare moments at present, and, as Teddy remarked, Bess's views were of so daringly original a nature that they almost frightened him.

I sent my soul through the Invisible  
Some secret of that after-life to spell,

he read now, and Bess, opening her green eyes, and raising herself on her elbow, was awaiting the end of the verse in order to bring out the result of her meditations, when Kitty's voice suddenly broke the harmony.

"Bess, Bess! Did you forget that we were to ride with Mr. Hardy this afternoon? He is there with the horses now. I have been looking for you everywhere."

Kitty, duly clothed in her habit, came towards them, walking hurriedly.

"I am so sorry, Teddy," she continued, catching sight of that young gentleman. "I know it seems rude, but a promise is a promise—and I thought you said you were going back early," she concluded somewhat pointedly.

Teddy sat up and looked at her, reddening a little; but Bess intervened before he could speak.

"Oh, bother! He must take the horses back again. I can't ride to-day; I'm too tired. Besides, really—I don't see why we should throw over an old friend to oblige Farmer Hardy."

"You should have let him know if you didn't wish to ride," said Kitty, coming to a standstill. "He has prob-

ably arranged his whole day in order to oblige us. I can't go and put him off just at the last minute."

"Well, I'm not going!" exclaimed Bess doggedly. "You should have reminded me before. You must just say I forgot. Make him a nice little sugary speech."

"Why must this bucolic animal be fed with sugar?" inquired Teddy. "Turnip would be more in his line."

Kitty went slowly back to the house, she felt it impossible to continue the argument in the presence of their visitor, and moreover, Bess's little face wore that obstinate look which it occasionally, though very rarely, assumed, but which meant business. There was no use in endeavoring to shake her resolution, but her sister's heart was hot with indignation.

Stephen listened, apparently unmoved, when Kitty presently faltered forth the best excuses she could concoct. Bess was very hot and tired, she had been working hard at the little pheasant-house which they were making near the woodshed; the hot sun had given her a headache, Kitty thought. Meeting Stephen's eye she blushed and broke off.

"That little pheasant-house takes a deal of making," said he, smiling rather bitterly: "I'd have knocked it up in an hour or two. Well, it's natural enough. Like takes to like, I suppose. I serve my turn when there's nobody better at hand. Now I'll take the horses back. Perhaps you'll let me know when you'd like another ride. There's no use wasting time for nothing."

"I—I—I'm very sorry too," cried Kitty quickly. "I was all ready to come—if Bess hadn't been tired."

Stephen glanced up.

"You're dressed, I see," he cried impulsively. "Why shouldn't you have your ride, Miss Leslie? No, no, of course you only come to please your sister—you'd never care to come without her."

"Yes, I would," exclaimed Kitty, seeing his face fall again. "I ride to please myself. I shall be very glad to come if you'll let me."

She had hardly spoken the words before she regretted them; but it was too late to recall them. Stephen was already giving directions to his man to take the pony back, and in another moment with a pleased and eager face led forward the mare.

"'Tis a lovely day," he said, "'twould have been a pity to miss it."

They rode down the lane together, Teddy and Bess peering at them mischievously from over the wall.

"Did you try a turnip?" inquired the former in a stage whisper as Kitty passed him.

Stephen looked gravely up, his glance passing over the youth's smooth, flaxen head to rest on the pink and white countenance of Bess.

"I hope your headache will soon be better," he said, and rode on, without waiting for a rejoinder. After they had been jogging along the road for some minutes he suddenly turned and looked at Kitty.

"Miss Bess seems more of a child than ever," he said. "She and that young gentleman seem to understand each other very well."

"Oh, we have known Mr. Venables a very long time," rejoined Kitty apologetically, "and Bess is like that. She—she—it doesn't mean anything."

Stephen did not answer, and they rode on in silence till they reached the downs, where a long gallop made Kitty oblivious of all save the exhilaration of the moment.

When at length they turned to go homewards by a circuitous way which led them for the most part along grassy, unfrequented lanes, she was struck by Stephen's silence and appearance of abstraction. The peculiar mellow light of late afternoon was bathing all the land, enhancing its delicate

spring radiance. The untrimmed hedges were bursting into leaf, the hawthorn already showing pearly buds, while every now and then a patch of gorse, strayed from the downs above, flamed vividly orange among the prevailing golden-green. Its characteristic fragrance seemed to follow them as they rode. A lark was singing high above their heads; an unseen stream trickled noisily among the rank grasses beneath the bank.

Kitty made little remarks now and then, calling attention to this or that, or praising the beauty of the day; but Stephen only answered in monosyllables when he answered at all; occasionally he did not appear to hear. His eyes were fixed on the distant hills—hills brooding under a deep blue haze—he seemed to be lost in thought.

All at once Kitty turned to him, speaking more earnestly.

"I'm afraid you are hurt at Bess being so changeable," she was beginning, when she suddenly stopped short, startled at the expression of his face.

"It's time we had an understanding," said Stephen.

He laid his hand on the mare's rein, and the animal obediently halted.

"I've been afraid to speak out," he went on. "Sometimes I've thought it would be better to know the worst once for all, and again I've thought, 'If patience will better my chance, I'll wait.' But I can't stand it any longer, it's—it's—more than flesh and blood can bear."

Kitty drew a hurried breath:—

"I don't think this would be a good time to speak, Mr. Hardy," she stammered. "You see, the fact of Teddy Venables being here—I mean—it has brought back old times."

"That's the very reason I'll have my answer one way or the other," he broke in almost roughly. "I'm not a man as can submit to be taken up one minute

and tossed away the next. I'll try my luck once, and stand by it."

Kitty stole a frightened glance at his face, and then, scarcely knowing what she did, endeavored to twitch the rein from his grasp, and at the same time touched Tamsine lightly with her whip; but Stephen checked the mare as she would have sprung forward, and fixed his eyes steadily on the rider.

"It's no use, Miss Leslie," he said. "I've got to speak out now, and you've got to listen to me; but it'll not take long. I have but one question to ask—Will you marry me?"

"I!" exclaimed Kitty, turning as white as a sheet and gazing at him with starting eyes. "You don't mean *me*, Mr. Hardy?" she added almost childishly.

"Who else?" said Stephen.

Kitty was thunderstruck, but tongue-tied too; the mere possibility that Farmer Hardy's affections were centred in herself had never even occurred to her. Brought face to face with the fact, she found herself unable to believe it; yet she could not betray her sister.

"You're taken aback, I see," he pursued, watching her. "Perhaps, after all, I've spoken too soon. But I thought you'd ha' guessed—oh, I know you're above me in every way," he went on quickly. "I'm not fit to tie your shoe—but you said we might be friends, and I—I—I couldn't be with you without loving you. I love you—" He broke off with a sort of gasp, continuing in a low, hurried tone, "well, I can't tell you how much; it don't seem right to try to talk about it even, but I—all that man can do I'd do for you."

Kitty gazed up at him with a nightmare-like sense of oppression. His brown face was flushed, his eyes eager; his voice shook with emotion. It was Farmer Hardy who was speaking to her like this—Farmer Hardy who was wooing her—*her, Kitty*—the contingency

from which she had originally shrunk in connection with Bess seemed in her own case unendurable.

"I don't expect you to love me as I love you," went on Stephen, "but in time—your heart may turn to me. I just want the right to take care of you, and—make you happy."

Kitty listened with an ever-increasing sense of bewildered terror and shame. She scarcely heeded what Stephen was actually saying, so busy was her mind in cogitating over those previous words of his:—"You said we might be friends."

He thought she had encouraged him then! With a sudden leap her mind caught at the next phrase which fell brokenly from his lips. "Seeing you so lonesome seemed to give me a kind of hope."

Because they were friendless, down in the world, he thought they were on the same level!

Suddenly her own voice startled her; she spoke almost without knowing it:—

"I couldn't—I couldn't! It's all been the most awful mistake. I never, never could."

Without a word Stephen loosed her rein, and sat back in his saddle. The horses went forward again and he did not speak for several minutes; then, turning suddenly, he shot a keen glance at Kitty's face; it was agitated, alarmed, even indignant.

"Well," he said, "I'm a downright sort of man, and I'd like to know exactly where I stand. I'd like to know your reason, Miss Leslie? There's been a mistake, you say—have I spoke too soon then—didn't you know I was courting you?"

"Courting me!" ejaculated Kitty, and indignation for the moment drowned all other feelings. "No, I didn't know—how could I know? How could I ever think—," she broke off, but he finished the sentence.

"How could you ever think I'd be so

presumptuous—that's it, isn't it? Well, Miss Leslie, if you'll forgive me for saying so, you would have done better to have thought a bit—there is but a step, after all, between friendship and love. But I know my place now," he added. "I'll not transgress again. I said I'd speak out once, and I've done it. You'll never hear another word of love from me."

They jogged on, side by side, along the quiet lane; and presently, coming to a short piece of turf, he asked if she would like to canter. Kitty agreed, but all her former exhilaration was gone. She could never again ride with Farmer Hardy, never meet him on friendly terms. In his last glance at her she had thought to read not only bitterness but contempt. Even in the midst of the turmoil of outraged pride and indignation the consciousness stung her. It filled up the measure of his cup of iniquity.

The worst part of the business was that she could never justify her attitude towards him, nor explain the train of circumstances which had led to the present deadlock. Bess's curious temperament, and the views which she had at one time entertained with regard to Stephen; Mr. Leslie's no less remarkable idiosyncrasies, which had led to a kind of indirect and unconscious sanction of these views; Kitty's own real gratitude for the many acts of kindness which she had received, and her regard for the farmer's sterling good qualities. All these had helped to cause this quandary.

"But a step from friendship to love!" *There* she begged to differ from him. She could perfectly contemplate Farmer Hardy as a friend—even as a brother-in-law—but as a lover—a husband! She threw back her fastidious little head, blushing hotly. How dared he!

Bess was standing at the door when they rode into the yard, and laughingly inquired if they had had a nice ride.

Kitty made an inarticulate rejoinder as she slid down from her saddle, and Stephen raised his hat without speaking.

"Friend Hardy seems in the sulks," remarked Bess, following her sister into the house. "Was he very cross and disagreeable while you were out?"

"He was—rather disagreeable."

"I expect he was put out at my not coming," returned Bess, with a comfortable little giggle. "Perhaps it's just as well," she added, reflectively. "You know, Kitty, since Teddy has come I feel that it wouldn't do to get too intimate with the Hardys. You and I were so moped before that positively our moral vision was warped—our whole world had got out of perspective. But talking with Teddy and seeing how he looks at things, it *does* seem to give one insight. After all, though we are poor we are ladies, and never can be anything else, either. So there it is."

Kitty said no more. She was shaken, perturbed, angry, and, above all, ashamed. It was a dreadful thing to have happened to her, but it was not

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(To be continued.)

## OXFORD, PAST AND PRESENT.

BY THE WARDEN OF WADHAM COLLEGE.

The nineteenth century is the most eventful in the long history of Oxford. Other changes will take place, and are now approaching, in this great University; perhaps also in Cambridge, her more sedate sister; but they will not be so profound and so fruitful of consequences as the Oxford revolution. That happily was less sanguinary than the French Revolution, to which it was in some measure due—no Vice-Chancellors or Heads of Houses were beheaded, or fled to other countries,—they remained at their posts with unwavering fidelity; no property was confiscated, except at a later stage, by University Commis-

sioners. Things moved slowly in the English way—progress was "continuous and calm," or comparatively calm, and the Oxford of to-day is after all the Oxford of a hundred years ago, but *quantum mutata!*

The writer, who has known Oxford for nearly half a century, will, with much diffidence, attempt to give an account of the transformation, in the faint hope that he may move some one to write a book which might be entitled "A Century of Oxford History." The materials for such a history are abundant, and the subject is of surpassing interest, especially at the pres-

ent time. The writer of it must be a son of Oxford, for its history cannot be written from without: he must have lived and worked in Oxford through its many changes, and have kept his eyes open: he must belong to no narrow coterie: he must be learned but intelligent, and of a liberal and generous mind. There is, of course, no such a person, nor will he ever exist; but, if history is to be written at all, a lower standard than the ideal must be accepted. Gibbon was an undergraduate of Magdalen College in 1752-1754. He says hard things of his College and his University:—

I arrived at Oxford with a stock of erudition which might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. To the University of Oxford I acknowledge no obligation; and she will as cheerfully renounce me for a son, as I am willing to disclaim her for a mother. . . . During my first weeks I constantly attended lessons in my tutor's room, but as they appeared equally devoid of profit and pleasure, I was once tempted to try the experiment of a formal apology. The apology was accepted with a smile,—no plan of study was recommended for my use—no exercises were presented for his inspection, and at the most precious season of youth whole days and weeks were suffered to elapse without labor or amusement, without advice or account.

An undergraduate nowadays might complain of the conduct of his tutor, but his complaints would be of too much "inspection," too much advice, and very rigorous account.

Gibbon's fierce indictment was made also against laxity of discipline,—in the course of one winter he "visited Bath, made a tour in Buckinghamshire, and took four excursions to London, without once hearing the voice of admonition, without once feeling the hand of control." Neither Gibbon nor Shelley

could have been pupils easy to manage, and both were expelled from their colleges. Sympathy is always on the side of youth and genius, but Gibbon and Shelley were both of them impossible persons. The great historian possessed all the historical virtues, except the most rare and important of them all—"the power of understanding, even sympathetically understanding, opinions which we do not hold." Oxford represented to him indolence, and bigotry of the worst type, that in which there is a large mixture of hypocrisy; he judged his University by the college and the men he knew. Had he been at Magdalen 150 years later his verdict would have been different, if I may venture to commend that great foundation. Any one who has read the "*Letters of Radcliffe and James*"<sup>1</sup> knows that Gibbon's description of Oxford is inaccurate and unjust if taken to apply to the University as a whole, and not to Magdalen in particular. Radcliffe entered Queen's College in 1743; James entered it in 1745; James's son in 1778; and the letters which passed between the three correspondents cover a period of twenty-eight years, from 1755-1783. They show that not all Oxford tutors were ignorant, dull, and idle; not all Oxford undergraduates vicious and illiterate. Indeed in those days, when examinations, except of the most perfunctory kind, were unknown, there was a "freedom of study" which contrasts not unfavorably with the excessive organization and ruthless drill which have turned colleges into something like cramming establishments; tutors into "drudges," as Mark Pattison called them forty years ago; undergraduates, the best of them, into almost passive recipients of intellectual food, like pemmican, neither savory nor digestible. Few blessings are unmingled. Competition among the colleges for distinction in the class-lists

<sup>1</sup> *Oxford Historical Society, vol. ix.*



is very keen, though decently, if not successfully, dissembled. No one in Oxford now is idle, incredible though the assertion may appear. Even the passman's life is not wholly a happy one. But of him, the savage—though not “untutored,”—something will be said hereafter, for he is a very interesting person, important for good or evil, and controversies are gathering round him, threatening his existence.

But activity, though feverish, and earnestness and clean living, are better than the sloth, neglected duty, and living far from clean, which were prevalent, though not universal, in Oxford when Gibbon knew it: they make his *sars indignatio* perfectly intelligible though somewhat indiscriminate, for he was misunderstood and disappointed, and had received stone for bread. An old Balliol man records with reluctance the statement of Dean Prideaux that there was a public-house in Broad Street, the Split Crow, “where the Balliol men continually lie, and by perpetual bubbling add art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots.”<sup>2</sup> The present writer is consoled by the reflection that Balliol men were probably no worse than the Fellows of other colleges, and that now they have mended their ways, as he knows from frequent enjoyment of their generous but sober hospitality. Prideaux wrote these words three-quarters of a century before Gibbon entered Oxford, but there is reason to believe that in 1752 there was still room for improvement in the conduct of Balliol undergraduates, if not of the Fellows, of that great college. Its history, like that of most Oxford colleges, is full of strange vicissitudes and moral lessons.

Matthew Arnold in a famous passage has expressed what everyone feels who knows Oxford and has come under its

charm; yet his utterance of loyal devotion to the place which made him what he became is now almost as misleading as was Gibbon's utterance of hatred and contempt. Oxford is still medieval, yet intensely modern: it is still the home of causes which are not lost, and of beliefs which are not impossible: it still dreams, though its dreams are feverish and incoherent, some of them, and of the future as well as of the past. It has undertaken to educate everybody and in everything, and everywhere, at least within the range of University Extension Lectures. There is nothing which it does not profess to teach, from theology to military strategy. There is no branch of learning which does not appear in that epitome of all things knowable—the University Examination Statutes: all but one, not mentioned there, the science of athletics, which is more effectively taught and learnt than any other in our universities as well as in our public schools.

Within the last fifty-six years there have been added to the old curriculum schools or examinations in modern history, law, natural science in all its branches, oriental languages and literature, European languages and literatures, geography, the theory and practice of education, economics, forestry, rural economy, anthropology, military history and strategy, engineering and mining subjects, public health, classical archæology. This list is designedly unscientific, and the subjects mentioned run into each other, but the impression intended to be conveyed to the reader is one of bewilderment and a sense that there is nothing which may not be learnt at new Oxford. Buildings, and apparatus, and stipends for the teachers of these subjects, have been partially provided at great expense by an impoverished University, and by contributions from the colleges, some of them no less impover-

<sup>2</sup> See Mr. Davis's charming “History of Balliol College” for this and other curious details.

ished—these abodes, or rather preserves, of indolence and luxury, as they are represented to be by irresponsible chatters to ignorant and credulous persons. By "Local" Examinations and Extension Lectures Oxford has shown its sense of obligations outside the circle of a mile and a half from Carfax. It has also instituted examinations for leaving certificates at public schools, and accepts other certificates of various kinds as equivalent to a testamur obtainable by its own entrance examination—responsions, of which it is difficult to speak with patience, not because it is an entrance examination, for an examination is indispensable, but because it is useless and vexatious in its present form, and discreditable to the University which is content with it, and to the schools which offer it, as the finished product, in many cases, of eight or nine years at school. But "that is another story," more instructive than cheerful: the one blot on the good record of a University, anxious—perhaps nervously anxious—to do its duty.

Many persons whose opinions, though erroneous, are entitled to consideration, protest against these concessions to the "spirit of the age." They think that there is danger, if not certainty, that Oxford will be turned into a second-rate scientific University, and be reduced to the level of—I will not mention names. These pessimists do not realize the force of long tradition and innumerable associations—of the beauty and dignity of the place—of the college system, permanent as the college buildings, which will preserve the *habitus* of Oxford for a period approaching to infinity, an *habitus* which subdues and humanizes the most aggressive and clamorous of men of science, of whom the writer speaks with sincere respect. The issue between the old and new learning can be decided only by controversy, and by the con-

sequent friction in which heat is naturally generated—but the heat is diminishing; the issue is indeed decided—the new learning "has come to stay," and there is room in the University both for it and for its rival, or rather sister, to the benefit of both.

Oxford is preparing herself for the task which fate and fraud and fitness and duty, or a combination of them, have imposed on our race, and indirectly on her as a great national institution—the task of helping to educate young Englishmen not merely for work of all kinds at home, but work of all kinds in Greater Britain. "Tu regere imperio populos Romane memento"—the quotation is inevitable; it is long since it has been made in the House of Commons, where, if intelligible, it would be to some offensive as savoring of Imperialism, for Virgil "thought imperially," and, like Horace, was a Jingo.

But Virgil's words appeal to a feeling which, though dissembled or disavowed, survives in the minds of most Englishmen, and is obscured, not eradicated, by the strife of parties. In Parliament and in the country a warm welcome has been given to the effort now being made, in the old as well as in the new universities, to meet new educational necessities. The success of that effort will serve to train future rulers and administrators in India, and in our other Eastern possessions, and in Africa, by teaching them how to fight famine and disease; make roads and railways; drain pestilent morasses, plant or thin forests with discretion; and educate agriculturists and schoolmasters. Mr. Keir Hardie would surely admit that as long as we stay in India we had better govern it intelligently by men who can do these things, or see that they are done. It is not merely for purposes called Imperial, but for home needs, that the undergraduates of our universities

must be educated in many things which till recently have not been included in their curricula,—we, the British people, must make ourselves efficient, for efficiency is the condition of existence in the struggle for supremacy which is coming, or has begun, between the East and West, as well as between France, or Germany, or the United States, and England. Efficiency is the product of education, and the universities are responsible for the due performance of a great political duty—to make our young men effective citizens for peace and war.

Grumbling critics complain that Oxford is going beyond her "proper sphere," that much of this activity is no better than fussiness, and that its results are quite inadequate to the labor and money expended. The argument, from "a proper sphere," is singularly weak, and involves a *petitio principii* of a flagrant kind: there is no more "question-begging epithet" in our language than the word proper. The results or harvests of this labor are some of them still in a future which may be long in coming, but may be confidently expected. University Extension Lectures are special objects of attack, as excursions from the proper sphere. It is asserted—less commonly now than formerly—that the teaching given by Extension Lectures produces in the hearers only the knowledge that "puff-eth up," and is valued, it is said with sheer brutality, as giving opportunities for flirtation. The last assertion may have in it a modicum of truth, but why should not young men and young women meet at a lecture as well as at a dance? The other assertion is wholly false. To many men and women, old and young, an Extension Lecture has been the beginning of their intellectual life—a fact incomprehensible to highly cultivated critics; to others it has given something desirable in frivolous or dreary lives—a wholesome and rational amusement.

Another change of great importance through which Oxford has passed in the last forty years is the change from something like a cathedral town into something like Cheltenham or Bath. Before 1870—a remarkable year in the history of Europe, and not less in the history of Oxford—there lived in it few ladies, in the conventional meaning of the term, except the wives and daughters of Heads of Houses and Professors. With them the writer had at that time little acquaintance, save with the ladies whom he met at the Master's house at Balliol, and whose kindness and hospitality he gratefully remembers. The general impression—at least among under-graduates—was that, like the wives, and even the daughters, of clerical dignitaries in cathedral towns, they left something to be desired in respect of gaiety and that innocent freedom of behavior which the French call *abandon*. They were said to be gracious, but in an official way,—the inevitable characteristic of a small and semi-aristocratic society. It must be admitted that young curates and under-graduates in those days were stiff and diffident, and not easy to entertain.

The invasion of women, which began in 1870, has changed all that. The abolition of Tests and the removal of the obligation, under which many of the Fellowships had previously been held, to take Holy Orders, had the result that a tutor or a lecturer in a college was no longer content to hold office as a temporary employment till a living should fall vacant, but was ready to make teaching his profession for life, and, on the strength of it, to marry. Nor could his college keep him, if he was worth keeping, from the Bar or medicine or schoolmastering, if he were forbidden to marry. By alterations, sanctioned by Privy Council, in the College Statutes, leave was given to him to take a wife.

She could not conveniently live in the college—a building not designed nor adapted for domestic happiness; therefore she and her husband must live outside the college. The demand for houses became great, and houses were built to meet it—most of them to the north of Oxford, where now stands a suburb called North Oxford, almost as large as South Kensington.

The change among the senior members of the college from monasticism to family life was a change both for the better and for the worse—for the worse, because the common rooms were thinned: a quarter or a third of the number of Fellows lived out of college; the old *camaraderie* was broken up, for it must be admitted that wives have sometimes a disintegrating influence, and do not always like their husband's old friends. There was at first some injury to college discipline: when a dean or tutor lives a mile away, and the times of his absence are reasonably calculable, the undergraduates enjoy themselves—but this inconvenience was after two or three years remedied by more stringent requirements of "pernoctation" in term time. There came to be in hospitable Oxford many dinner-parties of a more exhilarating kind than men's banquets in college rooms: a sociable tutor with a sociable wife found his expenses for entertainment greater than he could afford, for college tutors are not rich. On the other hand, married Fellows learnt something of the world and had their minds enlarged. To some of them marriage was a liberal education, and the prim and formal Oxford Don became comparatively playful and happy under softening influences; influences exercised not on him only, but on the undergraduates, who were the better for the society of good and sensible women. Later, retired Indian civilians, and old soldiers, discovered Oxford: it was found to be nearer London than Leam-

ington or Devonshire, and more attractive. The excellent "High School for Girls" offered a good and economical education for the daughters: for the boys preparatory schools had been established, one of them by leading members of the University, which became rivals of the best preparatory schools for Eton or Winchester, or schools less old and famous but equally efficient and less expensive. Oxford is a pleasant place to live in, and healthy enough, unless you encamp in regions near the Isis; full of historic memories, of libraries, and of various amusements which attract all sorts and conditions of men—and of women. It has become a suburb of London. Movements of all kinds, ecclesiastical, political, philanthropic, and social, are numerous and vigorous: the suffragette is "in evidence" and "means business," the socialist also—Christian and Secular—means the same. Oxford is no longer a "sleepy hollow," Thackeray, in the "Book of Snobs," writing of Cambridge University snobs, describes St. Boniface, its Dons and undergraduates, and the University, as it was when he was an undergraduate there some eighty years ago. *Mutatis mutandis*, his description would have been true also of Oxford at that date. "Universities," he says, "are the last places into which reform penetrates." Now they are hotbeds of reform. Is the change improvement? "Change," wrote Hooker, "is not made without inconvenience, even from the worse to the better."

One of the most striking and important aspects of Oxford's transformation is the disappearance of the languid indifference which prevailed in it from 1660 till Newman and his friends breathed life into the dry bones. Even Johnson, a man of strong religious convictions, intensely disliked the "Enthusiasm" which he considered had wrecked both State and Church when the Puritans had the upper hand for

nearly twenty years in England. To him "enthusiasm" meant tyranny and fanaticism mixed with much hypocrisy: it had meant the same to the philosophers—the founders of the Royal Society, who came to Oxford in 1645-1650 seeking "quiet and freedom and shelter from enthusiasm." Johnson was unconquerably averse to its recrudescence in his own Church and University. When six students, who would not desist from publicly praying and exhorting, were expelled in 1768 from St. Edmund Hall Boswell said to Johnson, "But was it not hard, sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings." Johnson replied, "I believe they were good beings, but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field, but we turn her out of a garden." Less familiar than this quotation is the story of the Head of an Oxford college who, many years later, told a candidate for admission when he professed a desire for "gospel teaching," that he had "come to the wrong shop." Both of these utterances are significant: if Johnson, a devout man, in whose devotion there was more than a tinge of something very like enthusiasm, could speak thus, it is easy to imagine the attitude towards the "righteous overmuch" of indifferentists like some Heads of Houses of a later date. The history of the Oxford movement has been written from many points of view, critical and sympathetic, by Newman, and Church, and Mosely. It had consequences of many kinds—political, ecclesiastical, and spiritual: it was a religious revival, to use a word which has been applied to another religious movement less stately, picturesque, and intellectual, but who can say less beneficial, than Tractarianism? Revivalism has produced as its permanent embodiment the Salvation Army, which does its work no less vigorously than the High Churchmen, but more exclusively,

among the outcasts. Johnson would have involved in one condemnation both the movements, though he, whom "only an obstinate rationality" kept from becoming a Roman Catholic, would have been less hard on Dr. Newman than on General Booth. With the later religious movement in Oxford, which began with the Essays and Reviews, Johnson would have had no sympathy whatever; it was based on an "enthusiasm" of a kind specially odious to him, which he would have called the extravagance of reason.

In the sixties and the seventies, and in the early eighties, most of the clever young men, and clever young men follow fashion like other people, were by the law of reaction followers of Jowett, or Mark Pattison, or T. H. Green, or Mill, or Herbert Spencer, or Comte, or the uncompromising Huxley. Oxford was a *παντοπωλίον*, a general warehouse of opinions, if not beliefs, among which Christianity held its place, but not a prominent place. It is somewhat of a *παντοπωλίον* still, though some of the intellectual fashions have disappeared or have become ghosts of their former selves. Positivism long ago migrated to London; Spencerianism is a ghost; Mill is by no means dead, though his followers are comparatively few and less submissive than they were. The influence of T. H. Green, based on his noble character and personal charm, still endures, though his philosophy is criticised like everything in Oxford except the multiplication-table. New Realism is to have its turn. But the most remarkable and significant change of all is that Christianity of a very definite kind has come back; the acceptance of it is no longer held to be a mark of obscurantism or intellectual inferiority, and it holds many of our most able and earnest men. There would be many Rip Van Winkles in Oxford were the leaders of fifty—even thirty—years ago to revisit



the common rooms and halls; they would find themselves in strange surroundings, and would be disappointed and perplexed.

Parallel to this change in philosophical and religious thought, and akin to it, was the change in political opinions. Till 1832 Oxford was the stronghold of Toryism, as it had been for many years before the names Whig and Tory came into fashion: in 1848 some of the resident members of the University were Liberals; ten or twelve years later most of them were Liberals,—most at least of those who were taking an active part in its teaching and administration. Party feeling at that time ran high in Oxford. It is not now extinct, but there is no longer need to consider carefully whom to ask to meet whom at dinner. The battles over the University Commission of 1854, over Mr. Jowett's stipend, and over the proposal to abolish tests, had inflamed the feelings of the combatants, clergy and laity alike: language was used about opponents, political and academical, which was often silly and discreditable. The present writer was surprised to find, when he came to frequent college common rooms, that the senior members of the University were more given than undergraduates to the sins of the tongue which are forbidden in "Thy duty towards thy neighbor." Much allowance must be made for strength of feeling and strength of language in a small community of men thoroughly in earnest about important questions, brought into very close quarters with each other, and unaccustomed to the "give and take" which can be learnt only on public platforms, or at the Bar, or in the House of Commons. But it must be confessed that the humanities had not softened manners in Oxford forty years ago. They were softened only by the abolition of tests, which few nowadays would deny to have been beneficial as well as inevitable.

There has been a great improvement in Oxford manners and language since then—we may think things about each other but we do not always say them, and when we do say them, it is with more disguised acerbity.

The question of University degrees for women came much later, for the most ardent reformer had at first enough on his hands to give him full employment, and this reform seemed better reserved for years, perhaps centuries, to come. The academical suffragettes are less violent than the suffragettes who persecute Mr. Asquith—no Oxford ladies have been sent to prison for rabbling Heads of Houses, nor have the proctors been molested in the streets. Wiser and more dangerous methods than the use of physical force have been employed—the arts of logic and persuasion. The first step had been taken, the thin end of the wedge had been inserted, when women were admitted to the college lectures, and by inevitable consequence to University examinations. In them they gained honors as well as "passes"—why should they be refused the degree which is the reward of these qualifications in the case of men? Women by themselves are formidable: when they have logic, or the appearance of it, on their side, they are irresistible.

Of their opponents, some thought vaguely that women are not men—others, that a share, no small one, of the scholarships, colleges, and of the government of the University, must follow the concession of degrees—that co-education would, if complete, entail complications and inconveniences—that Oxford would be more than changed, and quite another Oxford would take its place, of a character unknown, impossible to predict, even to conjecture. Some of the weaker-kneed Friends of Women feared the prospect of becoming the Girondists of this revolution, and suffering the fate of all Girondists,



of being carried, metaphorically, on a tumbril to the Martyrs' Memorial amidst shrieks and execrations, because they had raised a storm and endeavored to control it. Some colleges, one in particular, in which the writer has a special interest, had been, it was rumored, marked by the woman for their own as specially fitted for the realization of the charming dream of the Princess, which it was presumed, would involve the expulsion of the present inmates. The result of these objections, some of them based on the selfishness of man, others difficult to state frankly without offence, was that the proposal to give degrees to women was rejected by an overwhelming majority after a formal debate in a large Congregation twelve years ago. The controversy is not closed, for the Chancellor of the University announced that "in his scheme of reform for Oxford he is going to propose that degrees shall be open to women on exactly the same basis as to men."<sup>1</sup> The questions which will be raised in the discussion of any scheme of reform are more numerous and less simple than the enigmas which the Commissioners of 1854 and 1881 tried to unriddle: they had to deal only, or mainly, with gross abuses and to remove restrictions obviously harmful: the work of future reformers must be constructive. They will have to face problems which their predecessors knew not, or ignored, or attempted to solve in a way which left them more difficult than before: the nature and methods of a liberal education; the

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claims of natural science; the relations between colleges and the University, and between the Professorial and Tutorial systems; a new definition of the local limits of residence which reasonably qualify for membership of Congregation, for the present limits have come to be absurd; a new definition perhaps also of other qualifications for membership of what is, in the first instance, the legislative body in the University: to these problems for reformers must be added the admission of women to degrees, and of working-men into the University. Who is sufficient for these things?

All reforms—religious, political, social, and, not least, academical—must come not from without, but from within, if they are to be real and permanent. A Commission of able persons, chosen with more regard to political considerations than to knowledge, intimate and personal, of our needs and problems, ought not to be let loose on the University unless and until it has been convicted of unwillingness or impotence to reform itself. Even the sharpest of chisels in the hand of the most skilful of carpenters is not the best instrument for mending a watch.

But what of the undergraduate? Oxford to most people means him and nothing else; for he is perpetually *en évidence*, and is incomparably the most interesting thing or person in the University. Hopeless as the task is, an effort must be made to describe him in next month's "Maga."

P. A. Wright Henderson.

## THE CARIOLE.

"But yes, Monsieur, it is I who tell you; confide yourself therein that the old Count is a sorcerer—a black sorcerer—a sorcerer of the most black."

Thus, with much emphasis, Lisette,

<sup>1</sup> "Times" of October 24, 1908.

waitress of the Trout Inn at St. Enimie des Gorges du Tarn—those cañons which look on the map of France like black caterpillars wriggling across the white tablecloth desolation of the Causses. For centuries the gorges and

caves of the barren limestone plateaux of the Causses, "the roof of France," have been the refuge of the outlawed and oppressed of the Loire valley and the Limousin. Free companions, Huguenots, Aristocrats, have all climbed and burrowed there in turn like hunted conies in the caves of the rocks and the clefts of the ragged rocks; and the savage old Middle Ages, themselves hard pressed by modernism, still share its recesses with the last French wolf. Of late the railways have driven great breaches in this fortress, through which herds of tourists pour in to sack and spoil; but ten years ago, when I listened to Lisette's scandal about her neighbors, the Causses were still a stronghold of the grim and gruesome, in which a moderner could enjoy all the thrill of trespass in the first degree, poaching on the preserves of Father Time. Wherefore, as the expert burglar encourages the expansive housemaid, so did I encourage Lisette to continue her confidences as to the Count's sorceries.

"Behold him, the old Count in his château down there in the gorge, and the lights, and the chanting, and the black masses that never finish all night long. Can Monsieur see him at work? But, for sure, one has but to embark and descend the gorge. No, there is no other way, and Monsieur will not really think of going, for, look you, I am mocking myself of Monsieur in saying he could descend. Ah, but that descent would be very rude. There are the seven rapids to pass, and the Eleven Deeps, and the Great Ratch and the Little Ratch, and the Milling Whirlpool and the Boulders of Bramabiau. There is for a day's work, and all must be passed before dark, for the Old One has bewitched the gorge. If a Caussenard were caught there after dark—and, as for Monsieur——"

Here Lisette crosses herself compla-

cantly to indicate the dangers incurred by a good Catholic Caussenard, and then shrugs compassionately to show what would happen to the heretic Englishman if caught after dark in the gorge bewitched of the Count.

Bewitched or no, that gorge was, and still is, a very wonderful place. Full a thousand feet above the river the great rock pinnacles tower so close together that from below the strip of sky between them seems no wider than the river of water. At St. Enlme it widens out enough for a few patches of almond orchards to perch themselves precariously above stone walls; for a road to zigzag cautiously down from the Causse on one side and up again on the other; and for some hundred houses, of which the greater number, however, are climbing up the enclosing cliffs on each other's shoulders for want of standing room. The gorge below the town opens narrow as a town-gate, and through it the river passes into a gloomy defile. On this side of that grim gateway is the warm sunshine, the white walls and green trees, and the noises, lights and smells with which human man clothes his common life. Behind that gateway is solitude and a forbidden land, guarded by Seven Rapids and Eleven Deeps, the Great Ratch and the Little Ratch, the Milling Whirlpool and the Boulders of Bramabiau. Wherefore the Spirit of Trespass moved me strongly to venture into this citadel of mediævalism, and I knew that I must pass that gate and the Seven Rapids and Eleven Deeps and the Milling Whirlpool and the Boulders of Bramabiau, or be ever after a catiff, an afternoon caller, and a circular tourist with a letter to the Consul's wife.

Now, as I was pondering the enterprise, I was addressed by a man who had been sitting opposite to me at the table listening to Lisette's talk. A long, bony man, with close-set reddish

eyes, bristly hair, and pointed ears, dressed in rusty black, much worn at knees and elbows. Said he in a northern French, very different from the *patois* of the Langue d'Oc: "If Monsieur thinks of descending the gorge I shall be happy to accompany him." This came so pat to what was in my mind that I was somewhat taken aback, and I was still more uneasy when the long man, leaning forward, tapped my knee with a long knuckle, fixed me with a meaning look, and added: "Monsieur will have need of my assistance if he intends going near the old Count."

"Why?" I asked sharply. He seemed embarrassed at the abruptness of the question, and answered, "It takes two to manage a boat in a gorge, and no Caussenard will go there. I alone am not afraid of the Count: indeed, it is rather the Count who fears me; and it is to keep off what I have waiting for him that he hides behind his walls and spells. Oho!" he chuckled; and then asked of Lisette, busy in the background, "Isn't that true, my beauty?"

"Yes, it's true," she replied; "but if Monsieur listens to me he will have nothing to do with either of you." And she hurried from the room, evidently to escape the long man's reply.

"Little fool," he growled, scowling. "After her whims and cranks as usual. They think every one cleverer than their own stupid selves a sorcerer. Well, let them. I'll show them I can do a piece of black magic too one of these days. But Monsieur of course is modern, and does not believe in sorcery," he went on, turning to me with an evil grin, "or is he afraid to come with me to visit the château? True, I have no invitation; but come on, and I promise Monsieur he shall be well entertained."

I said that I was willing to go with him, for indeed he seemed to be as suitable a companion as I could have

chosen. I had to admit to myself that he was somewhat uncanny, but then he was none the less suitable for that. So our expedition was soon organized; a strong punt was obtained, on deposit of its value, and about noon we pushed off into the current.

The descent was indeed rude, and all that summer afternoon we fought with the legion of twisting, surging, rushing demons that possessed the stream. They hurled the punt against rocks, - whirled it in the eddies, swamped it in surges; while with poles lunging like lances or thrusting like bayonets we fought them off. Twice my pole was wrenched from me, and three times I was flung into the water by a sudden twist, and once in the Milling Whirlpool we lost control of the punt, which spun round blindly, butting from rock to rock. But the long man was either a superior wizard or a superb waterman, and he brought us safely out of the clutch of the Milling Whirlpool and prodded our precarious pathway through the Boulders of Bramabiau. Never a word escaped him all day but the necessary warnings and orders, given in a harsh voice that cut the roar and rush of the rapids as does a cornercrake the rustle of a hayfield. It was late in the evening when the end of his pole tapped my shoulder and then pointed forward down a wider reach of the gorge that opened ahead. There, in the shadows already gathering under the overhanging cliffs—on a rock jutting over the river—rose a squat gray Bastille. The river ran here rippling softly over gravel shallows, and bushes overhung the deeper channel near the bank. Taking my pole from me the long man laid it softly in the punt and crouched down himself, motioning me to do the same. Then he let the punt drop noiselessly down under the bank. My eyes were on the château as it loomed in the evening light. We started to

cross the pool at the foot of the rock on which it stood. Not a sign of life nor sound was there but the ripple of the water round the rock. The punt drifted close to the rock wall, and the long man made a sudden spring on to a flight of stone steps leading up its face; then instantly sprang back into the punt, snatched a pole and sent us spinning out into the stream, as, with a clap like a shot, a heavy door banged to up above, and several large coping stones came crashing down from the turret on to the steps and went with belching splashes into the water where we had been drifting. No other sign of life came from the château and the long man, after scowling at it moodily for a few seconds, poled slowly off down stream. He grounded the punt on a sand bank on the other side of the river some quarter of a mile from the château and motioned me to get out.

"That was pretty smart of you," I observed. "I suppose you knew when the wind banged the door those stones might be shaken down?"

"Pooh!" said the long man, "it was a trap; I knew it. That water-door is never left open; but he knew we were coming, somehow, and when he saw me jump ashore he thought he had me. Well, now for a supper and to make ourselves comfortable for the night."

Apparently, the surprise having failed, we were to sit down before the castle according to the orthodox methods of mediæval war.

"But," I protested, "would it not be better to go back to St. Enmie and try again another day?" For I felt that an arbalest or a catapult would improve the prospects of the besieging force.

"Much better," said the long man, "but how? Not even I can traverse the gorge or cross the Causse after dark. Ah, he knows that, the old one

in there; he will give us a fine white night with his incantations and spells. We shall be pretty cold before morning unless luck turns." He muttered to himself for some time, then turned to me and said he was going to sleep, as he might not be able to later. I asked when I was to wake him. "When the fire burns on the turret," he said—curled up behind a boulder and was silent. The reflections of the sunset on the rim of the Causse overhead died slowly away. The night mist rose steaming from the river and muffled the ripple of the shallows. Tired with a hard day's work I dozed at my post.

It must have been about midnight when I woke wrestling with nightmare. The moon had risen, but was hidden by clouds, and all was dark but for the glow of a fire in the direction of the castle, which winked at times as though something was passing to and fro before it. Straining my eyes I made out that this was a crouching figure bearing some burden on its back. A long watery ray of moonlight piercing the clouds came stalking down from the opposite Causse and showed the château white and squat on its rock like a bloated toad on a stone. It passed on across the gorge towards me, leaving the château in darkness. As it came I saw flying through it towards us what looked like a long thin silvery arrow. In a panic I sprang to my companion and shook him awake; and even as I did so the light passed and all was again in darkness.

The long man sat up and blinked at the glow of the fire. "How long is it burning?" he asked; and, on hearing I did not know, shook his head gloomily and said it was a bad business. He appeared to be in perplexity as to what to do, for he stayed peering over the boulder, muttering and scowling at the fire-light. I was still wondering whether he had taken cover behind the

boulder from the silver arrows, and if so why he had not warned me, when there came from far away up the Causse overhead, very faint, the long blast of a horn. As though in response the fire blazed up in a spurt of flame, that flickered on the shallows and on the gold rings in the long man's pointed ears that seemed pricked and quivering with attention. Hardly had the light died away before, high up on the Causse where the horn had blown, there began a small sound, so faint and far away that only senses at full stretch, as mine were, could have noticed it; and yet scarcely noticed before it had become a tense whisper. And while the whisper swelled, a low metallic humming filled the air and grew to deep droning vibrations, through which the whisper came speeding nearer and nearer as the stem of a steamboat cuts hissing through the waves. The gorge was still sunk in darkness as with a strident shrieking something passed out from the cliff overhead and went walling down across the gorge to where the dull glow of the fire marked the château.

"The Cariole," said the long man, springing to his feet, "but I still have a chance"; and he darted past me into the darkness at the foot of the cliff. "No," he said over his shoulder to me, as I hurried after him, "you remain below." But my only reply was to plunge more recklessly through the undergrowth and across the boulders in a desperate effort not to be left behind. On the cliff he distanced me easily, climbing like a cat, and evidently hampered little by the darkness, whereas his lead once lost I was soon in difficulties. I came to a standstill some third of the way up, and held on, listening to the diminishing noises of his scrambling in a gully somewhere above. Hardly was he out of hearing before another faint call of the horn

warned me there was no time to lose. Working along the face of the cliff, I half felt, half found, an overhanging rock, and crawled under it as the whisper came speeding down out of the darkness above. Nearer and nearer it came; and the roots of my hair pricked, and my scalp crawled; when, just as it seemed to have reached the edge of the cliff where the long man had disappeared above me, it stopped. There was a smothered sound as of a man struggling violently for a few seconds, then a sharp snapping and crunching, then silence, but for the low droning vibrations in the air. The strident hiss began, rose to a shriek, and passed out over the cliff just as the moonlight again lit the valley. In the white light I saw shooting down towards the château, and spinning slowly as it went, a large, dark, spidery mass. From it hung limply the body and legs of the long man; I could see the coat-tails flap and the trousers flutter at the ankles. It was only a glimpse before the moonlight went and left all in darkness again. I tried to shout, why I don't know, but my teeth only chattered sharply. I began climbing again, up and along the face of the cliff, so as to escape from the gorge and get further away from where the things came over from the Causse. Twice again I heard them pass before getting out of earshot. I am sure that in broad daylight I should not be able to go where I went that night. Dawn found me far out on the Causse, and the following evening I reached a miserable inn on the coach-road over the plateau to St. Enimie.

Of course, you say, I took the next post-cart that passed and went over to St. Enimie, to clear up the mystery. Yes, I did take the post-cart to St. Enimie that night, but not to clear up the mystery. I hate clearing up a good mystery as much as clearing up after a pleasant picnic. An expla-



nation is as bad as the moral at the end of the story, or the medicine after a party. No, I took the coach to St. Enimie because I hoped to get a second helping of horrors, and was properly served for my greediness. I should have known better. A Sorcerer and an Enchanted Castle, behind Seven Rapids and Eleven Deeps, a Great Ratch and a Little Ratch, a Milling Whirlpool and Boulders of Bramabiau, and a Magician with red eyes and pointed ears, who fought with stones and magic arrows until the magician was captured by Flying Genli—was too marvellously mediævally magical a mystery to last. Wherefore the moral of this story—which I have caught you with before you expected it—is, no one may have two helps of magic and escape a dose of materialism. Do you, therefore, be warned in time, and leave me at the Inn and let me take the post-cart to St. Enimie alone. So shall you be a good ghost story to the good, and earn the respect of all authors. Shake hands! May we meet again in another story.

Hullo! Here you are still, after fifteen miles of Causse. Well, if you will have it, get out with me at the Trout Inn and be met by Lisette with a smile and an assurance that Monsieur's room and breakfast are ready for him, and that he was expected to dinner last night. Monsieur is gratified, but asks why he is expected, and is assured that every one knows he has come to attend the process. Monsieur sniffing a clearing-up, regrets privately that he has come—and publicly that he has been summoned home and that he has only alighted while the coach changes horses. Monsieur, however, is volubly given to understand that he fails to realize the situation. Lisette is despatched, with flying cap-strings, and presently returns with a functionary and a document. The functionary is obviously deaf and apparently dumb, and

consequently only morally important; not so the document, which is to the general effect that the *Sieur Esq British* subject is required to attend, etc. etc., to attest service of process by the *Sieur Dubois* on the *Sieur Cahusac* in the suit for debt brought against the said *Sieur Cahusac* by other *Sieurs*. Clearly explanations of the worst sort are imminent, and, I fear me, functionaries and documents being concerned, inevitable. Who will explain as shortly as possible the connection between a subpoena to an action for debt and two sorcerers, an enchanted château, and divers flying genli?

"Lisette," I say, "come and give me breakfast, and explain to me this document. Who is the *Sieur Esq British* subject, and who are these other gentlemen?"

"The *Sieur Esq*? but it is the *Monsieur* himself. His name copied from one of his letters which I lent the greffier so that there should be no mistake—it is so necessary to be accurate in these legal affairs. Then the *Sieur Cahusac* is the old Count, and the *Sieur Dubois* is of course the companion of *Monsieur*."

"What—the long man with the pointed ears and red eyes? Am I to lose two sorcerers in the same miserable lawsuit? Tell me about the *Sieur Dubois*, Lisette, I can spare him better than the Old One."

"Oh, hasn't *Monsieur* heard? why, the whole country talks of nothing else. Well, after he descended to the castle——"

"Stop, Lisette," I objected; "that's not the right place. Go back two pages and begin with the *Cariole*."

"Oh, the *Cariole*—I thought *Monsieur* had seen all that. Well, as every one knows, this *Dubois*, he swore he would serve his process on the Count, and the creditors promised him a thousand francs if he succeeded. For it's not so easy as to say good-day to serve a proc-



ess on the Old One. Look you, there must be a witness, and it must be handed to the Count himself, and he lives alone, and none dare approach him but this Dubois, and he cannot attain to him in the château, though he tries again and again. So this time he goes with Monsieur."

"Monsieur was wanted evidently as a witness. Lisette, you are playing the deuce with the magic; but why didn't he tell me this?"

"Because he knew a gentleman wouldn't help a process-server; and he made me promise—but with threats—to say nothing. Oh, he's clever, this Dubois, he thinks of everything. Well, as I was saying, there he is with Monsieur, planted on the sand bank, and no means of entering the château, when he perceives that the Old One is working his Cariole."

"Ah, the Cariole. Explanatory footnote on the Cariole, please, Lisette. But oh, Lisette, be gentle with it: you can have no idea what a gruesome, grisly monster it was."

"Plait-il? But of course Monsieur knows all about the Carioles, for they say it was the English first used them to provision their castles in the gorges. Now we use them to save trouble, because evidently it is more labor to carry things down from the Causse than to let them slide down a wire."

"A wire? Oh, Lisette, there goes in one swoop the pale arrow and the humming vibrations, and I fear me the geni are about to return into the bottle."

"Well," continued Lisette, too bent on narrative to notice such an irrelevant interruption, "so the faggots went sliding down the wire and this devil of a Dubois thinks of nothing else than to slide down with one."

"Faggots? with long spidery boughs  
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sticking out and spinning? There go all the geni in one swoop. So he got well into the middle of one with snappings and crunchings, and as he went his coat-tails flapped and his trousers fluttered—Lisette, I feel bad at the stomach."

"This, poor Monsieur—all emotioné at the recollecton? But courage, all ends well. When he falls on the wood-heap there is the Count stacking the faggots, and there remains nothing but to hand him the paper. And the Count says to him, with his noble air—for he is an Old One of the Old Lot, this Count: "My compliments, I am pleased to entertain so courageous a process-server; and if you were otherwise I would have the pleasure of your company at supper." So the Count brings him his supper in his room, and gives him five francs next morning for his coach."

I did not have to attend in court after all for the Count compounded with his creditors, and died a few years later. The château is now a well-kept little hotel owned by the "Société pour la Vulgarisation des Régions Pittoresques de la France." There, some day, you will alight from your punt, somewhat stiff and splashed after traversing the Seven Rapids and Eleven Deepes, the Great Ratch and the Little Ratch, the Milling Whirlpool and the Boulders of Bramabiau. You will also hear the local version of this story, for you will have in your pocket a circular ticket entitling you to a seat on a kitchen chair in a punt (for as long as you can retain it) and an account of each object of interest repeated by rote by a personal conductor (in so far as he can remember it). You would also do well to have a letter to the Consul's wife.

George Young.

## THE VALUE OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

More than a generation ago, in a characteristic introduction to his "English Constitution," the late Mr. Bagehot pointed out that the Reform Bill of 1867 had completed the change which the Reform Bill of 1832 had begun in the relation of the House of Lords to the House of Commons. According to what he well described as the "literary theory" of the English Constitution, "the two Houses are two branches of the Legislature, perfectly equal and perfectly distinct." This literary theory was always wrong. Before the Act of 1832, they might almost have been described as co-equal, but that was largely because they were not distinct. There was a large and very strong common element; for through their commanding influence in the counties and in many of the pocket boroughs the Lords nominated a large section of the House of Commons, and there were few men, comparatively speaking, in the House of Commons who regarded the House of Lords as a hostile body. By the Act of 1832, continued Mr. Bagehot, "this was much altered. The aristocracy and the gentry lost their predominance in the House of Commons; that predominance passed to the middle-class. The two Houses then became distinct, but ceased to be co-equal." And he mentions that remarkable paper in which the Duke of Wellington explained to Lord Derby in 1846, at the crisis of the Corn Law struggle, what immense pains he had been at to induce the Lords to accept their new position, and to submit, time after time, their will to the will of the Commons. Mr. Bagehot proceeded to show that the middle-class element had again gained greatly in the House of Commons by the Reform Act of 1867, so that the contrast between the spirit of the two assemblies became sharper than ever

before. In the old days, most of the members of the House of Commons were country gentlemen or aristocrats, or dependents of the aristocracy, but they were now mostly men of substantial means connected with trade and without any pretension to long pedigrees. Consequently, it followed that the work partly performed by the Duke of Wellington required completion.

He met the half difficulty; we have to surmount the whole one. We have to frame such tacit rules, to establish such ruling but unenacted customs, as will make the House of Lords yield to the Commons, when and as often as our new constitution requires that it should yield.

As to what the test should be, Mr. Bagehot did not profess to be able to lay down any definite or mechanical rule. Thus, "whether a Bill has come up once only, or whether it has come up several times, is one important fact in judging whether the nation is determined to have that measure enacted; it is an indication, but it is only one of the indications." The only "approximate rule" which our authority ventured to lay down was this: "That the House of Lords ought, on a first-class subject, to be slow—very slow—in rejecting a Bill, passed even once by a large majority of the House of Commons." In some form or other he was anxious to preserve the House of Lords, and therefore he desired that its great powers "should be exercised very timidly and very cautiously." He hoped, therefore, that the peers would go back to the good path in which the Duke of Wellington had guided them; and he looked for the introduction of a more moderate and liberal element into the House of Lords by means of such devices as the creation of life peerages.

Since the year 1872, when Mr. Bage-

hot wrote, the relations between the House of Lords and the House of Commons have unfortunately undergone a very great alteration. Every one who believes in the utility of a Second Chamber desires that it should be, in the best sense of the word, a conservative Chamber, and in order to fulfil this requirement it is essential that its members should be as independent as possible in order that they may exercise a moderating and restraining influence upon all legislation from whatever party that legislation may proceed. We quite recognize that it is extremely difficult for Englishmen, just because they have inherited or acquired a peerage, to detach themselves altogether from party ties. But unless a sufficient number of them do so to hold the balance between the partisans of the Government and the partisans of the Opposition, our Second Chamber cannot possibly fulfil its proper functions as a consistently conservative and revisionary body. We do not say that even as at present constituted it always fails; for its attitude towards the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey, and, we may also hope, its attitude towards the still more difficult problems of Indian Government that are being solved by Lord Morley, may hereafter be cited as examples of a truly patriotic and non-partisan temper.

Nevertheless, after all proper exceptions have been made, it must be admitted that the House of Lords is a much less satisfactory body than it was in the days of Bagehot. At that time, it had already become predominantly Conservative; but there was still a respectable minority of Whig and Liberal peers, and it may be doubted whether the Governments of Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell found their legislative proposals more embarrassed by the House of Lords than did the Governments of Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. Since the

days of Home Rule, however, the House of Lords has become, in the natural course of events, an almost exclusively Conservative chamber, in the party sense of that word; while the Conservative or Unionist party, in consequence of the accession to its ranks of Mr. Chamberlain and the Birmingham school, has become less and less conservative in the non-party sense of that word. The consequence is that a revolutionary measure such as the Irish Land Act, or a Bill for the overthrow of our fiscal system, or a Bill for the destruction of Board Schools, or a Workmen's Compensation Act, or even a Bill for the enfranchisement of women, if proposed by a Conservative Government, would be passed by the House of Lords without amendment, whereas a conservative measure, such as a Bill for restoring to local ratepayers control over the expenditure of their own money, if proposed by a Liberal Government might very possibly be amended beyond recognition or actually rejected by the revisionary Chamber.

Reviewing the history of the last ten years, the Prime Minister declared in the House of Commons last Monday that during the first and the larger part of the time, to all intents and purposes, we had not in this country a Second Chamber at all, but were living in what some people consider the worst of all possible conditions—the untempered autocracy of a single Chamber. He continued:—

During that time and under those conditions measures of a revolutionary character, never submitted to the electors at the polls, were carried through this House by a strict party vote, and I would add with the liberal aid of the closure passed into law without remonstrance, without delay, substantially without amendment by a docile majority elsewhere. That is the history of the first part of the last ten years; and what of the second part? We have seen, of course, as complete

and absolute a reversal of those conditions as the human mind could possibly conceive. We have seen measures, the principle of which had been expressly and emphatically approved by the electors at the polls, torn to pieces or rejected with contempt and without even the homage of discussion at the instance and under the inspiration of the very men whom those same electors had sent to this House a discredited and impotent minority.

Now, without fully endorsing the whole of this indictment, we are sure it must be felt by all genuine believers in the value of a Second Chamber, to be a powerful plea for some kind of reform, and that plea would immediately become urgent if Mr. Balfour is to be not only entertained but carried away captive by the Tariff Reform League. For if opinions so confused, so contradictory, so nonsensical, so utterly divorced from the most rudimentary knowledge of agriculture, manufactures, commerce, shipping, and public finance as those of the League's present chairman are to be welcomed by the only possible Prime Minister of the Conservative party, every true conservative would reflect with dismay and horror upon the fact that neither veto, nor restraint, nor amendment, nor, in fact, any revisionary or suspensory power would in that case be exercised by the House of Lords. Under these circumstances, we cannot be at all surprised that many Liberals desire to induce the Government to enter at once upon a political campaign against the House of Lords, with a view to reducing its power of resistance to Liberal measures; but those who are really Second Chamber men, while admitting the unsatisfactory condition of affairs, will surely hold that what is wanted is to

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rectify the constitution and temperament of the House of Lords, so that it will deal with all measures, from whatever party they proceed, in the same reasonable, moderate, patriotic, and impartial spirit. We say this without reflecting at all upon Mr. Balfour's reply to Mr. Asquith's indictment. It was an extremely brilliant and effective performance, especially when he asked for evidence of popular indignation against the House of Lords: "They have done everything to magnify and stimulate indignation if it exists, and every possible machinery has been devised to stimulate it if it does not exist; and yet nothing has appeared which any human being could describe as either indignation or excitement or disapproval." But Mr. Balfour's argument that the House of Lords does not oppose a measure when it knows that tremendous popular feeling is behind that measure is no real defence of our Second Chamber. We do not want a Second Chamber which will accept all the measures of one party, whether they are unpopular or not, and will only accept the measures of another party if it knows them to be popular. That is very far from being an ideal Second Chamber. Whether the Unionists or the Liberals are predominant in the House of Commons, the legislation of the House of Commons is often hasty, sometimes passionate, and almost always capable of improvement. With a perfect Lower House, as Bagehot said, it is certain that an Upper House would be of scarcely any value; but then he added: "Though beside an ideal House of Commons the Lords would be unnecessary, and therefore pernicious, beside the actual House, a revising and leisured legislature is extremely useful, if not quite necessary."

## SEEDTIME.

With the advent of March and the appearance, even in a backward season, of unmistakable signs of spring, the gardening instinct stirs in the breast of the most desultory follower of the art, and multitudes of men and women who have not been round their gardens twice since the last chrysanthemum was cut and the mowing machine was put away wake to the fact that it is time they were getting some seeds into the ground. There is a sense of life stirring in the air; though the crocuses be late and the points of the daffodil leaves scarcely seem further through the ground than they were at the New Year, the hazel hangs out its tasselled screen, changing from tarnished yellow to pale and dusty green, and the winter coltsfoot is already fading, spite of night frosts and easterly winds. The seed-lists, perhaps neglected in January, begin to bear a practical air: the tempting packets on the nurserymen's counters—so compact and portable, so full of promise—have their influence; thoughts of still unaccomplished ambitions in the direction of early peas or salads begin to spur the mind; and presently orders are given, and with, perhaps, some inevitable scurrying over of preliminary diggings and hoeings, the year's cropping of the garden begins.

This response to the quickening season is perfectly natural; but the experienced gardener knows very clearly the point up to which the suggestions of Nature may be profitably entertained; and his zeal, taught to carry its momentum steadily right round the circle of the year, began its preparations for open-air seed-sowing some time in November, and probably got in a few small ventures of early legumes before the end of January. The impulse itself, howsoever it may be harnessed

and equalized, is, after all, the main force which drives the agricultural machine; it is the thing which, March after March, makes a man forget the old failures and the eternal obstacles and try once again when the clod crumbles down under the south-west wind.

Seed-sowing, while it is the most natural of all methods of garden propagation, a far simpler business than all the surgery of cutting and grafting, is the one which comes nearest to possessing a touch of the magical. All gardening above a certain not very exacting standard of success has some semblance of conjuring; the results produced by a really accomplished craftsman always seem to the wistful beginner to have a sort of witchcraft about them; but the spring seed-time is a gramarye which any one can make who cares to master the easy spell. Over your plot of ground—incantations being first made with spade and hoe—you throw the contents of so many little twists of paper; and unless you have the hopelessly unlucky fingers it will flourish all the summer with your particular choice in flowers and herbs. It is so simple and direct a business, so close a copy of Nature's own way, so nearly automatic in its working after the first operation, that it is not difficult to understand the annual outbreak of gardening zeal in the dry winds of March, and the vast quantities of seed hopelessly entrusted to the yet chilly ground.

What proportion of these seeds sown by amateurs—and, for the matter of that, by a good many professing gardeners—ever sees the light again is a question without an answer; but there are some indications of an appalling amount of waste. The very simplicity of the process deceives us; we know that the ground has to be dug over and

some sort of surface prepared beforehand, the seed dropped into it and covered with soil, and Nature does the rest. But the digging, it may be, consisted merely in the turning in of last year's weeds; the surface tilth was given when there was a little thaw in the ground; the seeds are safely buried under some inches of nodules of sticky clay; that way the spell will not work. It is worth while, even if our gardening does not go beyond the giving orders to subordinates, to get by heart the standards and *formulae* of this business; whether we do our own delving or not, it is well to know something of the theory and its points of contact with practice. Before a seed-packet is opened it is as well to consider the site or station of the proposed seed-bed, the natural staple of the soil, and its present state of culture. As regards the station, it should not be necessary to point out that the first sowings of early things should be given the warm aspects and forward places, the south-east corners and borders under walls. It is a good plan to go round the garden on a sunny morning after a white frost and mark where the rime goes off early and where it holds longest in shady corners and north sides. Nothing will so well indicate the places for the early ventures—the dwarf peas to be ready by June 1, the speculative plantation of kidney potatoes which takes the risk of May frost, the first patch of Horn carrots to be pulled for their succulent refinement when two inches long. Beginning from these favored spots, the year's cropping may work onward to the cooler places, till the July saladings require the noonday shadow under a high north wall.

In the next place the nature of the soil must be considered; whether it is light or heavy, wet or dry, clay, loam, or sand. There are clays where the raising of any seeds smaller than Windsor beans is a test of really high sci-

ence. They are mud in wet weather and brick in drought; and the only chance of a practicable seed-bed is to import a large proportion of kindlier top-soil—leaf-mould, road-grit, and turf—and to catch the precise moment when the ridges are crumbling in a drying wind after frost. Very light sand gives trouble later in the season, when moisture is apt to fail; but in spring there is seldom any want of water, and sandy soils, together with all the varieties of loam, may be worked and sown when they are as dry as March drought can make them. Last, there is the tilth of the seed bed to be considered. The ground should have been trenched, and if the crop is to finish its growth upon it and not be transplanted it should have been suitably manured. The surface should be left in rough clods to the weather till the propitious day arrives, when it is to be broken and fined down and the seeds sown in the powdery half-dried mould which, with a light pat with the back of the spade or an intelligent pressure with the boot, will lie close and light about them, and give them the best possible start for a prosperous career. The depth at which the seed is buried is vital—or mortal—to its success. To too deep sowing nine-tenths of all failures in germination are probably due. There is a considerable range between the limits of a proper depth, according to the conditions of soil and weather—late summer sowings admitting twice the thickness required by those in February—but for early work a good rough rule is that the depth of earth above the seed should be about five times the least diameter of the latter. That means that peas and beans should be covered about 2 in., seeds of middle size, such as spinach or the cabbage tribe, half to three-quarters of an inch, and smaller seeds from a quarter of an inch to the thickness of a mere sprinkling of soil sufficient to hide them. In carrying out these



rules it is advisable to avoid broadcasting where possible, and to draw parallel drills with the hoe.

It is an excellent proposition, taken generally, that we should be forward with our spring sowings; but it is one of the distracting charms of horticulture that none of its rules is to be taken absolutely. Each individual case must stand on its own merits, and be treated according to accidents of geology and the weather-glass. A man who has a light dry-bottomed loam to deal with may begin to take risks three weeks before his neighbor on the clay need think about putting in anything. It is some consolation to the belated growers to reflect that Nature has a way of handicapping in the gardener's race, by changes and delays of hot and cold, wet and dry, which sometimes brings the earliest and the later sown crops together in a very close finish. But if any one finds a reasonably early start made difficult by cold, heavy soil, or late frosts on wet low-lying ground, or too rapacious vermin, he may sow his choicer and less spacious crops in light soil in pots and boxes under glass, in an unheated greenhouse or frame, to be transplanted in the open when the longer days offer them a fairer chance. Even where the conditions are mainly favorable, the plan may be followed in the case of special subjects. New varieties of sweet peas, for instance,

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which cost two-pence a seed, are better under the gardener's eye, in the comparative safety of pots of light compost, than left to the chances of flood and frost in the open, to the vandal tunnelings of the mole, and the indiscriminating taste of the wireworm.

Such precautions, with all the defensive apparatus of netting, and red lead and paraffin dressings, and mouse-traps and bird scarers, are unhappily almost inevitable in many parts of Britain, if a man wishes to raise early crops. But spite of all such cares, the lengthening days still inspire the elementary georgic impulse, the desire to scratch the brown earth over the seed and leave all to the softening skies. As February goes out, we know that we have almost done with the barren months, the inactive waiting, and that the time of recompense is close at hand. Already the reddening elms show the rising sap: there are crocuses widespread to a sunny hour; the tits and finches have suddenly changed their note to the spring call. The year is astir again, and the gardener with his seed drills follows the motion of rousing life. It needed a most heroic faith to sow or plant in January; as March comes in, it is by the light of Nature that we take down the hoe, the rake and line, and renew our old partnership with the earth and the sun.

## THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CONDUCT.\*

The present volume completes Prof. Westermarck's work, which is likely to remain for a long time a standard repertory of facts, which the moralists of every school will, no doubt, set themselves to interpret, each after his

own fashion. *Hic liber est in quo quaerit sua dogmata quisque*, and it is as a tribute to the author's erudition and fulness of matter that I hasten to add that the second half of the distich is also likely to be fulfilled; there are few schools of moralists who will not find something to their taste in this vast repertory of information about the

\*"The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas." By E. Westermarck. In 2 vols. Vol. II. Pp. xv+852. (London: Macmillan and Co., Ltd., 1908.) Price 14s. net.

moral codes and practices of mankind. The practices and beliefs of different races and ages with respect to the rights and duties of property, regard for the truth, concern for the general happiness, suicide, sexual relations, religion, and the supernatural generally, such are only a few of the topics with which Prof. Westermarck deals, and he deals with none of them without producing masses of significant fact for which, apart from his aid, the student of moral ideas and institutions would have to search hopelessly through the whole literature of anthropology. Merely to have done so much, even if Prof. Westermarck had gone no further, would have been to establish an inextinguishable claim on the gratitude of his readers, but it need not be said of the author of the "History of Human Marriage" that he has attempted to do much more. His aim, at least, is not merely to record the facts and classify them, but to offer a philosophical interpretation of them, to put forward a definite theory of the "origin" and "development" of the ethical side of human thought. It is quite out of the question for a single reviewer, who is not even an anthropologist, to presume to pronounce a summary judgment upon the success with which the task has been executed, and the present writer would therefore be understood to be attempting nothing more than the utterance of one or two of the reflections suggested to one interested reader by Prof. Westermarck's book.

In one respect, the work before us, even if attention were confined to the present volume alone, is less fortunate than the book by which the author made his great reputation as an anthropologist years ago. The "History of Human Marriage" was not merely a great collection of interesting facts; it had a very definite thesis, which was kept in view from the very first, and

of which the reader was never allowed to lose sight for long, and that thesis had the further attraction of being, in the then state of anthropological speculation, a novel one. The present work has also, of course, its thesis, but it is one which is, for the greater part of the time, obscured by the very masses of detailed fact which are marshalled in support of it. Perhaps there never was a book in which it was harder to see the wood for the trees, or from which it would be easier to carve out whole monographs on connected groups of moral practices which seem to have no special bearing on the author's or any other man's theory of the fundamental character of moral action and the moral judgment. The main thesis, when one reaches it, is, perhaps, also a little disappointing. In essentials, it seems to contain nothing which is not already familiar to the student of so old-established a moralist as Hume, except, perhaps, the employment of the expression "altruistic" sentiment, in the sense of pleasure or pain awakened by our consciousness of the pleasure or pain of others, and this, again, is familiar to us from Comtism. Briefly put, the author's position is that the moral concepts (good, bad, right, wrong and the rest) are based on "moral emotions," and that *moral* emotions (the sense of approval and censure) are retributive in character, censure being akin to revenge, approval to gratitude. These emotions themselves are things which "have been acquired by means of natural selection in the struggle for existence." A censorious critic would probably remark that, so far as regards the "origin" of the moral judgment, this theory leaves us just where it found us. "Natural selection," even if we allow it all the significance which has been claimed for it by the ultra-Darwinians, can, at best, account for the preservation of a favorable varia-

tion when it presents itself. Prof. Westermarck almost seems to invoke it to account for the variations it preserves. It is more to my purpose, however, to urge that the reduction of all moral judgments to the expression of "retributive" emotion seems only possible if we confine morality to the class of acts which are directly approved or blamed on account of their effect on some being other than the agent. If we do this, we are led at once into a breach with unsophisticated moral opinion. *E. g.* such opinion would pronounce it absurd to hold that a prudential regard for one's own future, a devotion to one's own physical and mental improvement, are not valuable moral qualities.

I note that Prof. Westermarck seems at times inclined to admit these, and even more startling, paradoxes. He habitually distinguishes between "prudential" and moral considerations, as if the same set of reasons for choosing a line of conduct might not fall under both heads at once, and, in one place, he even seems to suggest that we have no right to condemn two adults who choose to commit sodomy, on the ground that their behaviour hurts no one but themselves. (At least, he writes sympathetically of this doctrine, p. 483.) The example suggests a further criticism on the author's general philosophical standpoint. As it sufficiently shows, he really leaves no place in his system for a reasoned desire to promote the good of others, as distinct from an amiable tendency to enjoy witnessing their pleasure. Now it seems undeniable that the actual production of pleasure in others is only a very subordinate element in the kind of good which persons of ardent philanthropic zeal, without any preconceived theory of ethics, believe it their duty to promote. Just as I am conscious that pleasure, as such, is only a minor element in the good I desire for

myself, so I am conscious that it is only a minor element in the good I believe it my duty, say, as a father to promote for my child; and, as I say, I believe this conviction to be shared by the generality of high-minded men who are not pre-committed to any particular scheme of moral philosophy.

It may, no doubt, be said that the view is a mistaken one, but at least it is there, and it is a serious defect in a proposed analysis of actual morality that it leaves no way of accounting for the fact. Where Prof. Westermarck, if I may say so without presumption, goes wrong is in directing his attention primarily to the kinds of emotion which accompany moral judgments instead of attempting to study just the general character of the conduct upon which the judgments are passed. As Mr. Bradley put it long ago with reference to J. S. Mill's account of poetry, "Anything in the way of shallow reflection on the psychological form rather than an attempt to grasp the content." It is the same undue preoccupation with psychological form as opposed to ethical content, as it seems to me, which makes Prof. Westermarck's attempts to trace and forecast the development of moral belief and practice disappointing. He has little that is suggestive to say about the actual development of the moral ideal within the history of civilization; indeed, about the oldest and perhaps the most influential of still existing moral institutions, the Christian Church, he always writes with a lack of appreciation which might fairly have been blamed in an eighteenth-century *illuminé* though one would have expected that, in its Catholic form, it would have appealed to him in virtue of its "cosmopolitanism." The chief prophecy he makes as to the future is that "the altruistic sentiment will continue to expand." Whether this is a prophecy of good I am not sure. No doubt it is, if

it means that devotion to a common good is to become a more prominent factor in all our action. If it means that devotion to definite organizations for social life is to be replaced by aim-Nature.

less amiability towards the human race in general, there may be reason to doubt whether the substitution would be in the direction of genuine progress.

A. E. Taylor.

## AT A TURKISH ELECTION.

The Orient Express from Constantinople puts you down at Adrianople somewhere between eleven and midnight. As you step from the foot-board of the *train-de-luxe* you leave Western comfort and ease behind you. You have reached an environment more Oriental than Constantinople itself. But even in the five years that have elapsed since the writer last visited the ancient capital of European Turkey, to some degree the influences of the West have forced themselves upon Adrianople. Five years ago there was no hotel at Karagatch, and arriving by the same train the European passenger was obliged to drive the three miles into Adrianople proper, there to seek refuge in the most insalubrious hospitality of a native caravanserai boasting the pretentious title of "hotel." Now, however, a well-dressed young Greek meets the train and pilots the visitor to the very passable hostelry called "the Janick," where the traveller is able, if the demands upon the limited space of the institutions are not too great, to sleep in a room of Western appointment.

This was my fortune, and after passing a good night, I arose early and walked into Adrianople. The first touch of winter had fallen upon Southern Europe, and if it had not been for the endless stream of red-fezzed *Redifs* that I met upon the road, it might have been a cold weather morning in Northern India. This parallel became almost convincing, when, presently, through a gap in the trees which lined

the road, the view of Adrianople in the gray haze of a misty morning burst upon me. The town is built upon a small hill lying in a bend of the river Tundja (tributary to the Maritza), and is remarkable from a distance for the many minarets of its mosques. Crossing the Maritza by the solid Turkish bridge, I found myself in bazaars packed with off-duty reservists, and, what is more wonderful, these soldiers were all engaged in marketing. It is indeed a new sight in Turkey to see soldiers with money to spend, and Adrianople, even at first view, impressed upon me the changes which the Young Turks have already effected in their country. I discovered later that the army had actually received its pay with regularity since the new order of things had arrived. My first call was upon the British Consulate. Here I found Major Samson, the energetic Consul, who knows everybody and everything worth knowing in the whole *vilayet*. As the preliminary elections were actually taking place in Adrianople, and were to some degree responsible for my visit, the Consul arranged an interview with Reshid Pasha, the Vall. Now Reshid Pasha is one of the strongest and most progressive of the Young Turk party, and has entered upon his duties in the Adrianople *vilayet* with an energy and vigor which have already produced a marked result. I could not help recalling to mind my last visit to the Vall in Adrianople. Then there was just the same well-bred courtesy as we received to-day; but

this courtesy proved the sole outcome of the interview. There was no direct answer to my inquiries, no desire to aid me in those matters where I was ignorant; nothing but endeavor to mislead and embarrass me where it was opined I might know or learn too much. Consequently on the present occasion the frankness of the Vall was a revelation. His time was valuable, and he went straight to the business in hand. The directness of his answers and the suggestion in his questions showed that, far from wishing to conceal, his one desire was to help and instruct. He arranged that I should immediately visit the principal polling centre in the town, and directed one of his secretaries to meet me at the poll at the appointed hour. If the future of Turkey may be judged from my first impression of the new Vall of Adrianople, then in a very few years Turkey is destined to become a great nation.

If you would imagine what the first General Election in the provinces in Turkey is like you must put out of your mind all pictures of the boisterous elections with which you are familiar. In England, as in America, politics have become a fashion. The voter exercises his privilege, first as a vindication of his rights as a citizen, and secondly as a justification of his own intelligent discernment. At the present moment no such feelings exist in Turkey. The average Ottoman subject barely realizes that the last few weeks have brought him any rights as a citizen and he certainly is not yet in competition with his neighbor on the question of the intelligence of their respective powers of selection. He comes, therefore, to the poll much in the spirit of the parent who visits the office of the registrar when a child is born. It is a State duty in which, as yet, he has not appreciated his personal interest. It must be remembered that I am speaking of the provinces. In

Stamboul, where the people are better educated and the Greek element is inclined to be obstructive, it may be different.

The actual voting was taking place at the Municipal Hall without display or excitement. In fact, as I saw the function, it was quite a tame affair. There was not even a crowd to mark so singular a phenomenon in Turkey as an election for constitutional representation. The Municipal Hall was thrown open, and but for the presence of double police sentries at the entrance, there were no signs of any special or extraordinary business. Marching into the central hall, I found a small knot of people surrounding a pillar-shaped ballot-box, and a table before which two tellers were seated. The pillar-box received the voting papers, and the tellers checked the voters. The procedure seemed to be something after this wise. The electors are all registered in their respective wards, and furnished by the ward-*muktears* with a blank paper bearing the official seal. The voters are then informed of the names of the candidates standing in their division, and are told that their *muktears* will be present at the poll between given hours on a certain day. Such voters as appear at the stated hour are checked by the tellers in the presence of their own *muktears*. This done, they drop their voting paper into the ballot-box. If, however, they do not attend while their *muktear* is present they are required to produce a certificate of birth. In a division of the Municipal Hall was the polling-booth; here the electors had the right to inscribe on their voting papers nineteen out of the twenty-eight names for representation. As far as I could see from the small numbers that voted in my presence, they all came with their papers already filled in. It will be seen that the procedure is primitive to an extreme, and also that it lends it-

self to many possibilities of falsification and fraudulent return. In fact, the Vali himself pointed out that in some districts of the *vilayet* it had already been found that votes had been extensively duplicated, and that in each case where this had been discovered the scrutiny showed that the duplication was in the favor of Greek candidates. On the other hand, before my arrival the mayor of the town was defeated in what could only be described as a dishonest canvass, and was immediately removed from his post. Perhaps when the significance of such malpractices as these is more generally appreciated, the hustings at a provincial Turkish election will cease to be as passionless as they have been on this first occasion.

Later I spent some time in the polling-booth for the Karagatch division of the same Sanjak. For the most part the voters were Mussulman and Greek villagers from a large village near the town. On this occasion the ballot was not carried out in quite the same manner as at the Municipal Hall. In this case almost the whole of the votes registered were those of illiterate husbandmen. These peasants, all in the picturesque costume of the country, sat outside the police post where the ballot box was placed, and waited until their names were called by the tellers. They then walked gravely to the poll, and after having been recognized by the village *mukhtar*, dropped their papers into the box. I am positive that ninety-nine per cent of them had not the smallest idea of what it all meant. I went amongst those who were waiting to vote. They readily showed me their papers, which were already filled in. I noticed that the selections on all the Greek papers were in the same handwriting, while in the same manner only

one handwriting was responsible for the lists furnished by the Moslems. Inquiry showed that in the case of the Greeks the papers had all been inscribed by the village schoolmaster, while the local *hodja* had issued the papers already filled in to the Mahomedans. Both sections, when asked who they were voting for, replied conclusively—"It is written on the paper." When further questioned they admitted that they had been quite content to leave the selection of names to the writer of the document.

I do not wish to infer that this means of bringing the populace to the poll has been a malpractice; I only want to emphasize the fact that a population, of which ninety-five per cent is certainly illiterate, and in which no political emotions whatever exist, can only return representatives by instruction, and, therefore, for years to come the representation in the Turkish Parliament will be based upon class representation alone. The Moslems will vote as their *hodjas* instruct them, and the Greeks as the school-master advises. One fails to see how it could be otherwise. But at the same time it restricts all national sentiment to a very small portion of the community and opens the door to every conceivable chicanery and manipulation.

Another irregularity I also noticed in the polling-booth, and it is one that the Committees will do well to eradicate before their next general election. The *mukhtar* sat at his duty-post of identification with a wad of filled-in voting papers, and acted as proxy for a very large percentage of the names called. This, of course, paves the way for incalculable iniquities. For the rest, I never saw a less demonstrative election in my life.



## DULNESS AND MONOTONY.

The larger number of people insist upon a certain amount of monotony, however great their energy or keen their intelligence. Nature brings us up to it. Her variety is but the superficial pattern upon her uniformity. "Rolled round in earth's diurnal course" from the first moment of our existence, it is but natural that we should love sameness. The idea of a home, which lies, we suppose, at the root of civilization, is interwoven with monotony. It is a place of sweet recurrences, where the constant fulfillment of expectancy creates a spurious sense of certainty, a half-conscious delusion that we know the future, that we are not living beside a precipice after all. Sameness and stability seem inseparable. This is what we mean when we talk of the necessity for routine and method. Very little that is worth doing can be done haphazard. We know this instinctively, and are often absurdly unwilling to be put out of our habits, and absurdly grateful to some one who puts himself out of his habits for us. Monotony is an essential part of peace; and most, even among those who enjoy the struggle, look backwards and forwards to peace with regret and hope.

But there are certain eccentric people who do not feel all this. They have an inborn hatred of the familiar. The trivial round does not absorb, or touch, or amuse them. It simply palls upon them, and they do not like to feel themselves involved in it. A few of these are good and useful men and women, and more than a few are worthless good-for-nothings. By far the greater number are unhappy, and many are a source of unhappiness. Nature makes all rebels pay, and is seldom content with the punishment of the guilty alone.

Take the woman of the present day

who hates monotony. She is to be found in every class, and all she desires is change. Her intolerance of sameness amounts almost to a disease. When it is chronic, it produces discontent; when acute, caprice; every part of her nature is affected by it. It cannot be denied that she has a certain charm, her delight in all things new is so genuine and unaffected. She is ready even for disagreeable experiences, provided she has not had them before, and welcomes them with a zest which is often mistaken for courage. Unfortunately, however, nothing remains new. The exceptional is soon over, and then she is unhappy,—a wet-blanket tending to lower the spirits of all those who are finding happiness in the ordinary course of events. With a strange power of suggestion she will belittle the thing she despises, and with the black art of discontent turn all gold to dust. The strange thing is that if only she has the good fortune to be born among the cultivated, many people are sorry for her, even among those who suffer by her. There is an odd notion abroad that it takes a certain fineness of perception, and proves a certain depth of feeling and power of imagination, to be able to make yourself miserable without apparent cause. As a matter of fact, it more often indicates a singular thickness of skin. Finely strung natures are as sensitive to joy as to pain. Habit cannot harden them. They respond instinctively to all sweet influences, and do not ask that their pleasures should be pointed by surprise. Of course a thoroughly stupid person is generally happy in an indifferent sort of way, just as a deaf person is undisturbed by discord; but extraordinary sensitiveness to disagreeable sounds may accompany an entire indifference to music, and proves no fineness of taste, but

simply a morbid condition of the nerves.

Considering what an amiable quality contentment is it is strange that it is gone out of fashion among the educated. No one talks of it as a virtue, and no one ever affects it. Sometimes people seem almost inclined to apologize for being contented, as if they thought there was something rather "smug" about it. Indeed, people pretend to be discontented. But the poor are always old-fashioned, and wonderfully unchanging in their admirations. If a poor woman wishes a visitor to understand that one of her children is of a really beautiful disposition, and gives nothing but satisfaction to all who know him, she will say he is a wonderfully contented child; and if she calls her husband a contented man, she means that he has every domestic virtue. One has to remember that if a poor man or woman becomes discontented in the sense of hating monotony and kicking against the routine of life, he or she can only break away from it by sheer wickedness. He can shirk work and get drunk and desert his wife; she can let her home and her children go to rack and ruin. There is no other outlet for either of them. It is one of the most serious inequalities in the lot of the rich and the poor.

Sometimes of course, the desire for change is merely a sudden impulse. At intervals accessions of caprice come upon the person who hates monotony. A man feels that he must break the spell of the usual if he dies for it; and if he is above getting drunk he chooses, according to his nature, some more refined form of self-indulgence. A tendency to these moral seizures creates an atmosphere of apprehension, especially around women, many of whom deplore the moods in which they feel a wild wish to have everything different,—the sky, the earth, themselves, their friends everything, from the climate to

the day of the week. Every one is a little afraid of them because they are not "always the same," and no one likes a woman of whom he or she is afraid. A continued hatred of monotony among the greater number of educated men means a fall in the social scale; and however firmly convinced one may be of the folly of social distinctions, the best men do not as a rule go down.

Like all defects, this curious form of restlessness may be completely counteracted by the presence of certain virtues in a high state of development, and like so many defects, it can be to some extent covered by wealth. The rich man who goes to shoot big-game because he hates monotony is commonly accounted a good fellow. The professional man who "never sticks to anything" for the same reason is not so lightly excused. Now and then we see truly benevolent people, both men and women, who cannot endure monotony. As a rule they give themselves to a kind of impersonal philanthropy. They are always doing good to an ever-changing crowd whose items they hope never to see again. We trace this hatred of the familiar and love of change in the writings of certain modern missionaries. These godly lovers of adventure do immense good. The running of risks among new scenes and new people in a great cause, and in the certainty of Providential protection, has for some fine natures an irresistible fascination—we have seen those who seemed to us quite amazingly happy—and their books sometimes ring with delight. But for the most part the men and women who hate monotony have no genuine love of life. They come to the common feast without appetite, and must be tempted by a continual change of fare. They may be called brilliant and accounted sensitive, but in a very real sense of the word they are dull.

# THE CHILDREN'S TREAT.

(VOICES IN THE UPPER CIRCLE.)

*Determined Mother.* Now can you both see?

*Stanley.* Yes, I can see all right.

*Gladys.* I can't see a bit. That big fat man's just in front of me.

*D. M.* Well, don't cry, my bird. (To stout gentleman.) Excuse me, but will you kindly change places with your child? You completely block my little girl's view.

*Stout Gentleman.* Eh—what? Oh yes, certainly. Very sorry, I'm sure. (Changes places.)

*Stanley.* Oh, mother! He's just in front of me now! Oh! I say it isn't fair. Why should Gladys—

*D. M.* Be quiet. You must just make the best of it. Sit on your coat. There, that's better.

*Stanley.* But his head's in the way still.

*Stout Gentleman* (moving it to one side in an embarrassed manner). Very sorry, I'm sure.

*D. M.* I suppose it can't be helped, but it is hard on the boy. Here, Stanley, sit on the bag. (Pushes string bag containing opera glasses, tin of toffee, brush and comb, sponge and towel, underneath him.) There, you're all right now!

*Stanley.* But it's so beastly lumpy. (Wriggles violently.)

*Gladys.* Oh! mother, do make him be quiet and sit still. I can't hear a word they're saying.

*D. M.* There's no satisfying you, Stanley. Sit still at once. You shall go home if I have any more of it.

*Voices.* Shh—shh—shh—shh! (A burst of clapping greets the entrance of a star, during which Stanley stealthily sneaks his mother's and sister's hats from under the seat, places them on the string bag, maintains his position on the top by tightly clutching a strange foot

which penetrates from the seats behind, and begins to enjoy the entertainment.)

*Attendant.* Tea, ices, chocolates! Tea, ices, chocolates!

*Stanley and Gladys.* Oh, mother! Ices!

*D. M.* (to Attendant). One cup of tea and two ices. There you are, children. Half-a-crown, do you say? Tut, tut. What a robbery! Stanley don't gobble yours like that. Is it good?

*Stanley.* Not so good as the penny ice wafers at the seaside. Not bad, though.

*Gladys* (suddenly whimpering). Oh, mother, it's gone to my hollow tooth. Oh—oh!

*D. M.* Here, drink a drop of hot tea, my precious! Is that better? Stanley, hold Gladys's ice a minute. (Stanley takes it, but in his anxiety not to miss the knock-about business on the stage, cranes forward and holds the plate slanting, with the result that the ice slips off.)

*Gladys.* It's better now, Mother dear. Where's my ice, Stanley

*Stanley.* I don't know. It's gone.

*D. M.* Gone, indeed! You greedy boy, you've eaten it!

*Stanley.* I never!

*D. M.* Where is it, then?

*Gladys* (whimpering). I want my ice.

*Stanley.* I haven't got your beastly ice. What shall I do with the plates. Mother?

*D. M.* Put them down on the floor, you naughty boy. I should be ashamed.

*Voices.* Shh—shh—shh! (Stanley puts the plates on the floor. Subsequently, owing to excitement caused by the funny man, he treads on them and breaks them.)

*D. M.* There—you careless child! I *knew* you'd do it. Push the pieces right under the seat at once.

*Gladys.* Oh, Mother, oughtn't we to tell the attendant?

*D. M.* Be quiet, Gladys. Certainly not. Do as I tell you, Stanley. We'll put our hats on now; it's nearly over, thank goodness! Where are the hats? (*Searches wildly—unseats Stanley and discovers their battered remains.*) You wicked boy! Never will I take you out again. You make my life a perfect burden! (*Curtain descends.*)

*Stout Gentleman.* Very good performance. Never laughed so much in my life. (*Puts on his hat.*) Good heavens! what's this on my head? (*Snatches off his hat to investigate, and turns round to D. M. with pink streams running down his face.*) Really, Madam, I must protest at your allowing your boy to play

Punch.

tricks with my hat. You ought to keep him under proper control.

*Stanley.* It's Gladys's ice!

*Gladys.* I want my ice!

*D. M.* (*glaring at Stout Gentleman from under her broken hat-brim.*) Proper control, indeed! I think it is for you to explain how my child's ice, for which I paid a shilling, comes to be in your hat?

*Stout Gentleman* (*flinching before her fierce aspect.*) I can't explain it, Madam. It's a most extraordinary thing!

*D. M.* It is indeed, and very hard on my little girl. However, it's no use to her now. Come along, my bird. Now then, Stanley, make haste. (*Hustles them out before her, leaving the Stout Gentleman mopping his head and face with a large bandana handkerchief and shaking the remains of the melted ice out of his hat on to the floor.*)

## LORD MORLEY'S INDIA BILL.

Lord Morley has fulfilled his promise to introduce his India Bill immediately after the debate on the Address. The time has therefore come for the nation to make up its mind in what spirit and by what methods it will meet the existing situation in India. Everyone admits that important modifications in our system of administration are necessary to satisfy modern requirements, and Parliament will have to pass a decision on the scheme of reform now coming before it. The position is deeply interesting, and the issues are momentous as regards the future of India and also as regards the future of the United Kingdom.

The general scope of the proposed reforms was indicated in the Message of the King-Emperor to the princes and peoples of India on the occasion of the Jubilee. In that gracious declaration, which confirmed and developed the

principles laid down in Queen Victoria's Proclamation of 1858, he promised concessions to the wishes of the people, including the appointment of qualified Indians to high office, the extension of representative institutions, and the satisfaction of Indian aspirations as regards equality of citizenship and a greater sphere in legislation and government. In order to fulfil these promises Lord Morley has now prepared his Bill—the outcome of prolonged enquiry and deliberation—which will aid in giving effect to the scheme approved by the Government at home and by Lord Minto as Viceroy of India.

The high authorities are thus all agreed as to the course to be pursued. At the same time no one can suppose that the task is a light one, and it will be well at once to realize some of the principal obstacles to be overcome. The principal difficulties seem to be

three-fold: 1st, the inherent difficulty of devising a scheme suited to a vast population made up of elements differing in race and creed; 2nd, the natural reluctance of the official body to part with a portion of its authority; and 3rd, the want of familiarity with Indian matters on the part of our legislators.

Taking these points in their order, it may be said that the inherent difficulty of the case is illustrated by the deputation on behalf of the All India Moslem League which waited on Lord Morley. The object of the deputation was to protest against the method suggested in Lord Morley's despatch for the election of representatives to the Legislative Councils. That method was by what has been called joint or mixed electorates—*i. e.*, the representatives would be chosen, directly or indirectly, by electors drawn from all classes of the population within a prescribed area. The deputation expressed a fear that this method would prove detrimental to Mussulman interests, the contention being that where the majority of the electors were Hindus, this arrangement would make the Mahomedan representatives dependent on the goodwill of a rival community, and place Mussulman interests in their hands. For Mussulman representatives they desired exclusively Mussulman electors. With reference to this complaint Lord Morley gave the deputation the assurance that the Mahomedan representation would be "adequate, real, and genuine." He further pointed out that the despatch only suggested, and did not prescribe, the joint or mixed electorates, and he indicated no less than four ways in which, within the terms of the despatch, their wishes as regards the elections might be met.<sup>1</sup>

This explanation appears to have satisfied the deputation on the particular

point raised. But, underlying the specific complaint, this interview illustrates the fact that in a considerable section of the Mahomedans there exists a general apprehension that the added powers which representative institutions give to a majority may be exercised to the detriment of a minority. How can this apprehension be allayed? No doubt in part by careful consideration of concrete cases as they arise. But the chief remedy for possible friction is to be found in the reasonableness and good feeling of the Hindu and Mahomedan communities themselves. On this point Lord Morley takes a hopeful view: "From information that reaches me," he said, "I do not despair of meeting fair-minded critics of both communities." And this hopeful view seems to be confirmed by the conciliatory spirit manifested by the Indian National Congress, which for the last twenty-three years has voiced independent public opinion in India. The resolutions, passed unanimously at the recent session in Madras, are evidence of harmony among the various communities; for it must be borne in mind that the doors of the Congress are open to all, and that many distinguished Mahomedans have always been among the Congress leaders. It has, indeed, always been a prime object of the Congress to promote concord among all classes, and the Hon. G. K. Gokhale, in a remarkable speech, impressed upon his hearers that "the new powers should be exercised with moderation and restraint, and they should be zealously used for the promotion of the interests of the masses of the people."

Such utterances do not show any factious or partisan inclination; so we may hope that the details of the scheme will find a peaceful settlement. As regards the particular question of joint or mixed electorates, my own belief is that if the Hindu leaders prefer this method it is with no desire to dominate

<sup>1</sup> Since Sir William wrote his article Lord Morley has specifically granted a separate Mussulman register.—ED. NATION.

or oppress a minority. It is rather from a conviction that this is the best means of avoiding friction and promoting unity. And this view seems reasonable. For we know that any organization formed to promote sectional interests tends to bring to the front men of extreme and militant views. A Navy League, a Tariff Association, a Society of Temperance Advocates will naturally take as their leaders those who feel most strongly regarding the cause they have at heart—enthusiasts, and sometimes even fanatics. And if the several religious communities in India specialize themselves in electioneering organizations there is reason to fear that their representatives in the Legislative Councils will not be men of that calm and conciliatory disposition best fitted to carry through practical measures for the public good.

The second difficulty in the way of the reform scheme to which I referred above, is the natural reluctance of Anglo-Indian officials to relinquish any portion of their authority. This point does not need elaboration. India has hitherto been in a condition of tutelage; but since 1858 at least three generations of educated Indians have passed through our schools and colleges, and they now ask to have a reasonable voice in their own affairs. The Indian Civil Service has shown itself an upright, though austere, guardian, but should now, with becoming dignity, recognize the altered position. The ward is approaching his majority, and the guardian should welcome his co-operation in the labors of the administration.

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As regards the third difficulty, the want in Parliament of familiarity with Indian questions, there is the danger that political partisanship may carry away those who do not realize the critical position of affairs in India. In the condition of unrest which still prevails in India, it seems almost incredible that any journal claiming patriotic feeling should act so as to stir up fresh trouble. Yet some organs in the London Press have already shown an inclination to play off one great Indian community against the other, suggesting unfairness on the part of Government as between the Hindus and Mahomedans. Such unworthy insinuations have called forth a sharp rebuke from Lord Morley, who declares that the suggestion that any member of the Government has any prejudice whatever against Mahomedans is "one of the idlest and most wicked misapprehensions that could possibly enter even into the political mind." So far as Parliament is concerned, no doubt the central principle will be to maintain inviolate that strict impartiality between castes and creeds which is the ancient and secure foundation of British rule. No departure from this well-established principle would be countenanced by a statesman of the character and the Indian experience of Lord Lansdowne. And we may hope, now that the Bill has come before the House of Lords, that support will be given from both sides to Lord Morley in his earnest effort "to improve Indian government, and to do full justice to all bodies of the Indian population."

*W. Wedderburn.*

*Hyères, France.*



## THE SIMPLE LIFE.

The modern cognition of the universe as a vast, minutely differentiated system of interrelated parts produces a reaction upon the common life of the people, upon the mode of living of every day. We of the Western world are bound to life by a multiplicity of relations, relations undreamed of in less developed civilizations, and such multiplicity is reflected in our daily life. Life is not simple, life is complex, and its complexity has been, and must, I think, be stamped upon our form and manner of living. The manner of living of the people is a register of the social consciousness of the nation, a register all the more reliable in that it works automatically, as it were. Men modify their daily habits, here a little and there a little, not in accordance with the dictates of reason, but instinctively, inevitably almost, obeying the influence of the social consciousness, which impresses itself upon the malleable medium of custom.

The complicated manner of modern life is the expression of a highly developed social consciousness. We must have rooms for all purposes, clothes for all occasions, food suitable for different times of the day, for different seasons of the year, entertainment proportionate to the occasion and the company, expressive of many moods, comprehensive of much, directed and controlled by the conception of suitability, with its infinite sensibility and grades and degrees. There is a certain reaction in the present day against such an elaborate mode of life. "The simple life" claims to be a return to a more natural manner of existence. The exponents of the "simple life" deplore the immense expenditure of energy in the present day upon the mere means of living. They advocate the reduction to a minimum of the complexity of mod-

ern housekeeping. They would restrict the range of foodstuffs, minimize the labor of preparing them, adopt a more uniform fashion of dress, build simpler dwelling-houses, use less furniture, reduce, in short, the differentiated organic structure of the modern home to the more uniform, more mechanical form of the institution. It is true that a considerable portion of the elaboration of modern life is unessential, meaningless, insignificant; it is true that men are hedged in, sometimes stifled, by the abundance of things which they possess, but it is also true that men are to some extent supported by them. The furniture and trappings of the average middle-class house of to-day may to the casual visitor appear heavy with inertia, a very clog on vitality, a drag on progress or ambition, but, as often as not, to the householder himself such inertia of thinghood spells stability; to the man from the City, harrassed by fluctuations in prices, by changes and chances and possibilities of all sorts, which float before him with will-o'-the-wisp elusiveness, the trivial habits and customs of his homelife, ways of doing things which have no reason except that they always have been so, exist as a real solace and support, and the very stationariness and arbitrariness of the furniture and ornaments may afford relief untold after the reasoned stress of business life. The inertia of thinghood is its great source of strength; by association inertia becomes transformed into participation.

But not only is the individualized differentiation of home life a haven of refuge for the reason-tossed, it is also a very vital expression of the social consciousness. I believe that such an expression is of infinite worth, and that no plea of the saving of labor, of

time, of thought, can stand against the intrinsic value of this fundamental form of modern life. The home is the basis of stability in Western civilization and pre-eminently in England. The false ornamentation, the clumsy details of its organization, are not wholly false and clumsy; they cannot be ruthlessly eradicated without cutting away some of the very fabric of the home itself. Common kitchens, restaurant-cooked meals, and the like, are some of the labor-saving devices advocated today as simplifying the machinery of the home. Such devices eliminate to a large extent the individuality which has always been associated with English home life, and put a different, a more mechanical and less intimate complexion upon that hospitality which is its prominent feature. For my part, it seems to me natural and simple that the modern mode of living should be much differentiated and elaborated, and, with the increasing application of scientific theory to the maintenance and manner of life it seems that the business of housekeeping becomes more and more worth while, that it demands and repays the expenditure of time and labor, and is a satisfactory field for understanding and energy.

What we should aim at is to make our mode of living more adequate to the modern conceptions of life, not necessarily to reduce the form to a minimum by the drastic and blind formula of "simplification." The form of life exhibited in a well-directed house has æsthetic and symbolic as well as substantial value; it is a beautiful and adequate symbol, and reflects and is significant of the best social consciousness of the time. The crudity of the "simple life," its uniformity, its communism are inadequate as an expression of a highly differentiated civilization; the "simple life" may have a certain extrinsic beauty of form, but it is a form dissociated from life, and there-

fore without intrinsic symbolic worth. "The simple life" would render the things of everyday life insignificant, unworthy. Eating and drinking are not, however, merely utilitarian; they may be vehicles of expression—expression of joy, kindliness, and love; they have a symbolic character which modern life should emphasize and use, instead of minimizing and depreciating.

It would almost appear, too, as if the adoption of "simple life" methods in the midst of the surrounding complexity of modern conditions involved a certain shirking of responsibility. The individual has multifarious relations to life and to his fellow-men, some of which relations he must almost necessarily ignore in removing himself from the normal life of the community or of his class. I would not generalize on this matter; there are, doubtless, cases in which a man may serve his own generation better by withdrawing himself to some extent from the world, but the movement in this direction in the present day seems to be very largely generated by self-consciousness rather than by self-devotion, and indeed in some measure to involve the *substitution* of such self-consciousness for social consciousness.

There is a self-conscious attitude which makes men seek the abnormal, the unusual, the remote, and such is one element at least in the advocacy of "simple life." But self-consciousness is not an adequate substitute for social consciousness; it has no stability, no staying power. Its own model structures are broken into and devastated at every moment by its own destructive energy; it has no solidarity, it affords no solace. It is a factor which severs man from life, making him a spectator rather than a participant. The common life of every day, on the other hand, lived in fellowship with, and after the manner of, the world around, unites us closely with life and with

men. It is a life which we share with high and low, rich and poor. It is the greater part of the life of the many, and we err in degrading it as if it

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were of no account; we should on the contrary live it to the full, making it worthy in form of ourselves and of our civilization.

E. M. R.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

In "The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States" (The North American Review Publishing Company) Mr. Victor Morawetz discusses a grave question which, as we found a year and a half ago, may at any time become acute. This problem is the establishment of some central agency with power to control the volume of uncovered bank-note currency in the United States without creating a central bank vested with a monopoly of the power to issue bank-notes. Mr. Morawetz's solution is that the National banks should be authorized to issue notes upon their joint credit and to control the uncovered amount of these notes by the joint action of the Secretary of the Treasury and of a managing board or committee elected by the banks.

Mr. Algernon Blackwood's "Jimbo" is called "A Fantasy" by its author, but it is really an ingenious effort to give form to the visions of an imaginative child, who, some days after being seriously frightened by the foolish speeches of an injudicious governess, flees from fancied terrors, rushes into the real danger of being tossed by a vicious cow, and lies insensible for three hours. Through what strange combinations of past emotions and impressions received but forgotten, such a child's mind might wander is so admirably imagined as to give the impression that the author is recalling an experience of his own, and when his readers begin to question him by post and by telephone he will probably re-

pent his cleverness. The visions as related contain very little resembling the horrors of adult dreams, shapelessness and incomprehensibility being the chief dread of a child, but they are full of terror, as children's dreams often are and they are so minutely related that they seem prolonged for weeks and months. If Mr. Blackwood had gone no further, he would have made a better book, but he chose to add an insinuation that one of the personages of the dream was in reality the spirit of the governess, who had really died a few days after her discharge by the child's father, and it is on this point that he will be most closely questioned as to his intentions. Sensible folk will be content to say "coincidence," and will enjoy the book none the less, but sensible folk are rare, as Mr. Blackwood will see. He has written a brilliant small book, but he will wish a thousand times over that it had been large and stupid. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Eden Philpotts has the art of so picturing the little world in which the personages of his novels live that one expects to find the names of its villages in the railway guides, or at least on the ordnance maps, and he has surpassed himself in the production of this effect in "The Three Brothers," his latest Devonshire story. The "three" are an athlete of seventy years, a publican trusted and beloved by his whole country side, and a sharp tongued cynic inclined to avarice, and they watch and influence the drama of

life as their children play it, and receive meanwhile the promised visitation of their fathers' sins. They are a sufficiently varied little company to stand very distinctly before the reader, and the interest is so impartially apportioned among them that none can be called hero or heroine. Two sons of the oldest brother, one handsome, hopeful and incurably indolent; one industrious, upright, and with rather more than his share of the unattractiveness of honest virtue; the gentle clever son of the cynic, and the publican's unacknowledged son and two daughters blend the traits of the individuals of the elder generation among them so naturally that the reader finds himself curiously wondering as to the remoter ancestors whose strain makes itself evident in this or that individual. The story progresses naturally, easily, and with no more ostentatious parade of destiny than is discernible in the ordinary life of ordinary folk, and not until the book is closed does one fully perceive that in it the author has surpassed himself both in variety and in ingenuity. The parish drama, with its duel between the stupid clerk and the keen-witted priest, and the chorus of yokels would make a good novel in itself, but it is but part of the background of "The Three Brothers." The finest piece of work in the story, the evolution and revelation of the youngest brother's character, is brilliantly original, but cannot be described without telling too much of the story. But he who reads Humphrey Baskerville's story meets a new figure in recent fiction. The Macmillan Co.

Probably there are no learned societies in Africa, and consequently Lord Avebury's membership in such bodies is confined to the other continents and the isles of the sea, but if Africa should develop such a body before the publication of his next book, doubtless its

name will appear on the title page, appended to the almost incredible array in the corresponding position in his new work, "Peace and Happiness." Even now, he might lay claim to the titular headship of that small fraternity of authors who re-enforce their own opinions with those of the great ones gone and make books introducing readers to the world of letters, for 656,000 of his earlier books of this species have been bought, and the demand for them continues steady. Examining this latest work, and remembering the others, one cannot but think that the secret of their success lies partly in their wealth of definite, but brief quotations, and partly in their author's intimate consciousness of the present popular sentiment, even of the present popular whim, and in the neat and conclusive fashion in which he either confirms or confutes it. Not as the student, not as the inquirer does he speak in these matters, but as the banker, the man of affairs, who knows man and how to influence him. The socialist impatient of eternal laws and longing for the reign of his own crude notions, he meets by less than a page of exposition showing that government control means the utter bondage of the individual will, not license, as fancied by the socialist. Other matters less serious he meets with the same astuteness. The war spirit; the craving for physical perfection; the mental cure; the study of nature; riches; religion, and theology are among his subjects, and each is considered in its relations to happiness and peace, the desire of the soul of man. The book is not meant for the young although it might safely be given to them: it is intended for those who are facing the world and feeling their impotence against its unrelenting forces, and longing for the new word which shall stimulate their faith in the old beliefs, the old truths, the old watchwords. The Macmillan Co.